

FILM FUN

PRICE 10 CENTS

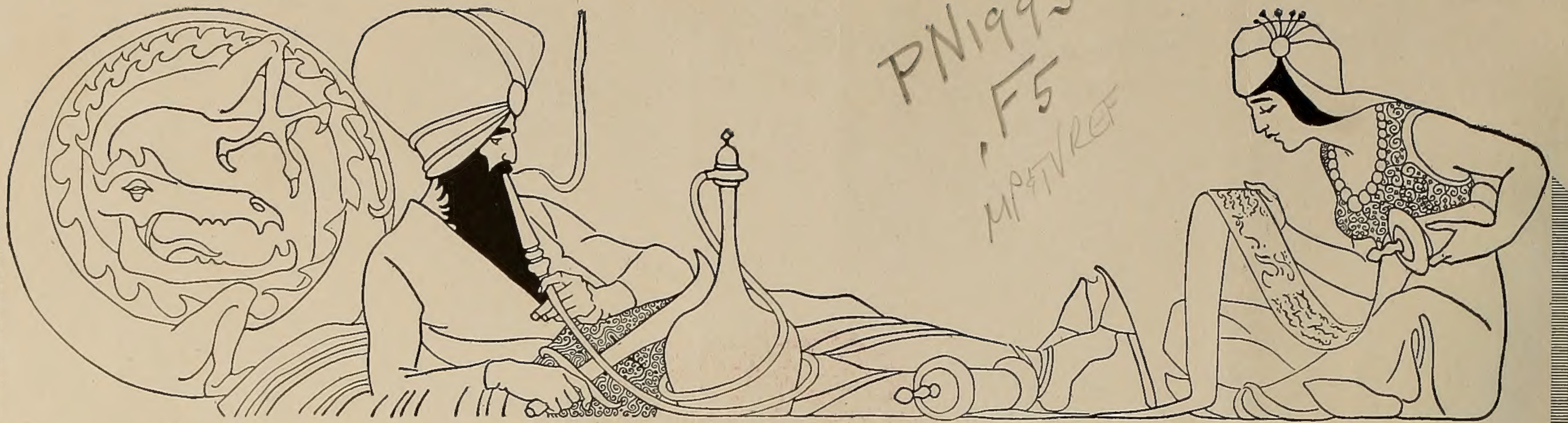
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

JANUARY

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



THE LUCKY CRAB



**“Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren’t no Ten Commandments
an’ a man can raise a thirst.”**

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his “east of Suez” when he wrote “Mandalay” better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the “Farthest Ind.”

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.” Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though these tales were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted at once secured an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

As a result of the enterprize and devotion to art of John Payne, we have now in

“ORIENTAL TALES”

The Real Arabian Nights

The first complete and unexpurgated rendering into English of

The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night

Translated from the Original Arabic by JOHN PAYNE and
Specially Prepared for the Francois Villon Society of London

a full and candid reproduction of the literature of Persia, India and Arabia, a literature redolent with the smell of incense; with the din of plaintive and alluring music; with beautiful women and strange dances; with weird influences and voluptuous beauty.

A NEW WORLD

The Orient, with all its luxury and laxity has been unmasked. The sombre and fantastic tapestries have been drawn aside, and behold! there is a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs—for the literature of the Oriental people was the story of their lives, intermingled with their dreams.

These “Oriental Tales” are more than a collection—they are the literature of the people of the old Eastern world—they are the children of rare imagination—of idealism and realism.

They tell the strength and force of the natural, and the strange and subtle beauty of the supernatural. Men and women stand confessed in all the freedom and candor of nature.

They are in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

We find within them a wonderful gathering of subtle truths and idle fancies—of human love in all its countless forms. The sadness of love—the wildness of love—love guided by duty and again by instinct—and always tinged by dreamy mysticism.

These volumes unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO.

F. F.—1-17

Room 1116, Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please mail me descriptive circular and special terms on Oriental Tales,
without obligation on my part.

Name

Address

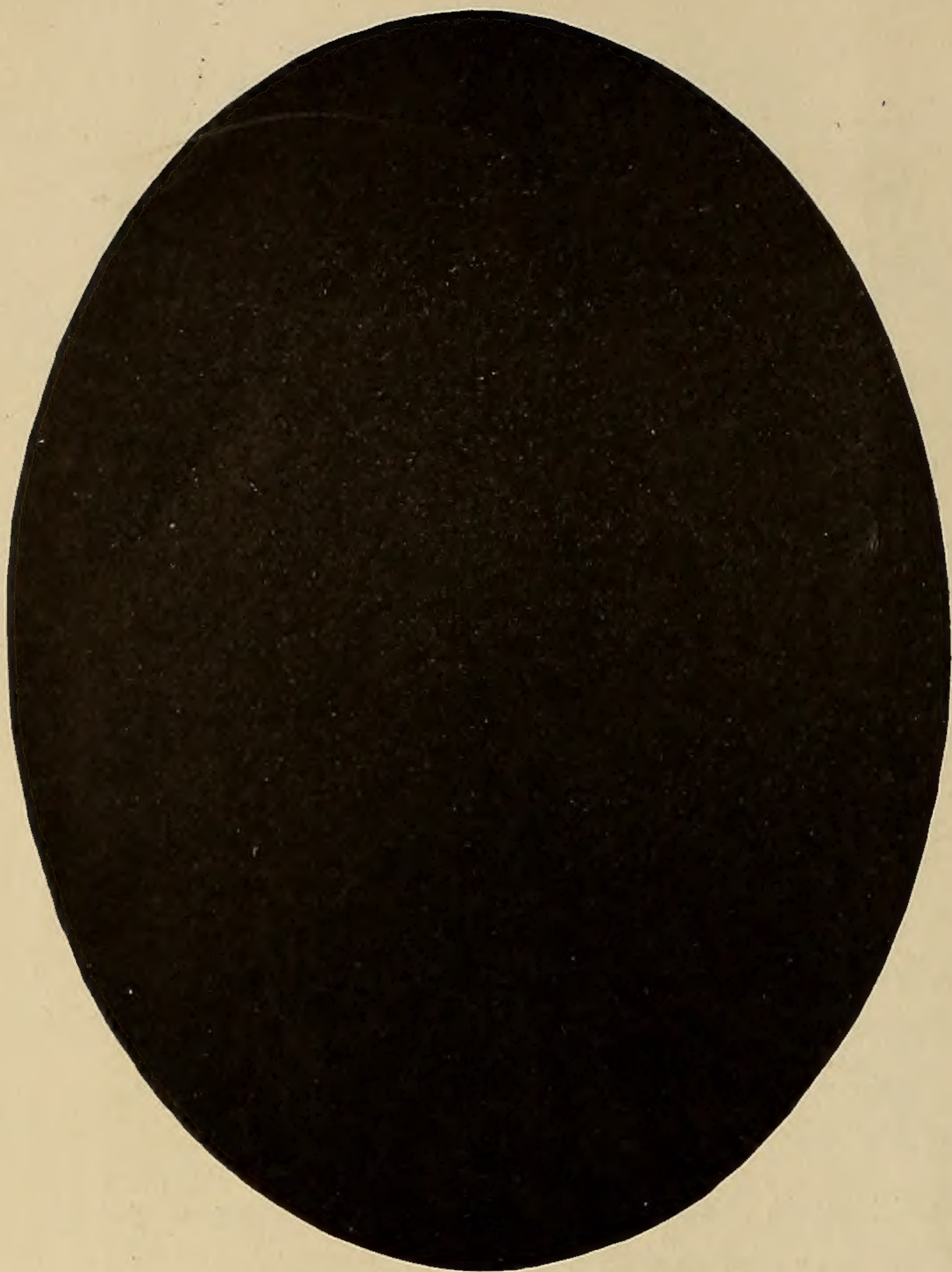
City..... State.....

We employ no agents.

A few sets of Oriental Tales will be available to prompt buyers at an especially low introductory price and liberal terms of payment. Full information mailed on receipt of coupon.



Great stuff!



THAT NIGHT.

Posed especially for FILM FUN.

That Night, the Best Known Character on the Screen, Discusses Shakespeare and the Motion Picture

"**A**H, THOSE were the good old days when Bill Shakespeare was alive!" sighed That Night, taking out his make-up box, preparatory to adding another touch of black to his already dark face. "You don't mind if I do this while I talk to you, do you? I must help in a scene again in a little while.

"Now, you want to know all about me, I suppose—I've had experience with you newspaper people before. I began my stage career back in the days of Shakespeare. At that time I was very young. But Shakespeare was a master—he perceived possibilities in me from the first and began writing parts for me in his plays. At first, of course, they were just small parts. It was that way in 'Twelfth Night.' You do not see my name often in 'Twelfth Night,' though it is quite true that the third scene in Act Two could not be acted without my help. If you will open any authentic volume of the immortal bard, you will see that That Night is responsible for all of the action in that scene.

"As I grew older, I became more and more necessary to Shakespeare's success. Take 'Macbeth,' for instance. In that play, you must admit, I am indispensable. Without the assistance of the dark cloaks I lend to many of the players, much of this tragedy could never be enacted. Surely Macbeth could not have murdered the king half so successfully had That Night not been there, nor would the

scene in which the mad Lady Macbeth walks about wringing her bloody hands and reliving in detail the terrible occurrences have been half so effective had That Night not helped in the staging of it.

"My greatest triumph was that greatest of romances, 'Romeo and Juliet.' Heading how many of the scenes do you see my name, That Night? Could the famous balcony scene have been so lovely and tender without me? I alone am responsible for this greatest of all love passages.

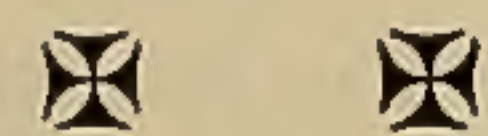
"The rest you know. After Shakespeare had made me so popular, other playwrights began to see my possibilities, and That Night has appeared on almost every program that has ever been printed and in every theater that has ever been built. Then came the advent of the motion picture, and I realized what a big field was opening up for me. I plunged right into it, and in all modesty I can truthfully say that That Night is to-day the best known screen actor and assistant producer in the world. Think back over the list of photoplays you have seen in the past few years. You will be able to count on the fingers of one hand those in which my name has not appeared in some connection.

"My particular forte lies in love scenes, and also in murders, robberies and villainous deeds of every description, and I have been in every sort of picture imaginable, both comedy and tragedy. That Night is tireless. I have been in as many as fifty photodramas a day, and I am always ready for more. Whenever there is a particularly ticklish job, That Night is called in to help, and it is That Night alone who can do so."

"That's all very interesting," said the visitor, thinking this a good time to say something. "But what about this chap, Later, we hear so much of. He does much the same sort of thing, doesn't he? He seems to be awfully popular, too."

"Later is all right in his place," snorted That Night. "He, too, got his start through Shakespeare, and I must admit that he is very well known. Later is my first cousin, you know, but he is merely copying my style. He can never be so great as I, for he is not nearly so strong nor so versatile, and he is never called upon to meet the same demands as are made upon me. However, Later is a necessary feature of any photoplay.

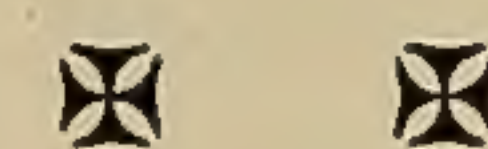
"And now, I am sorry to say, I must leave you. In one of our new pictures the lovers are to elope. They must, of course, have That Night to help them, as Later is busy with a bank robbery. Are you sure I am quite black enough? I shouldn't want anything to go wrong. Good-by and good luck!"



Pastel Shades

Friend—Does Miss Film favor any of the warring powers?

Director—No; even her complexion is composed of neutral colors.



From the Start

Tick—That movie actor is a go-ahead chap.

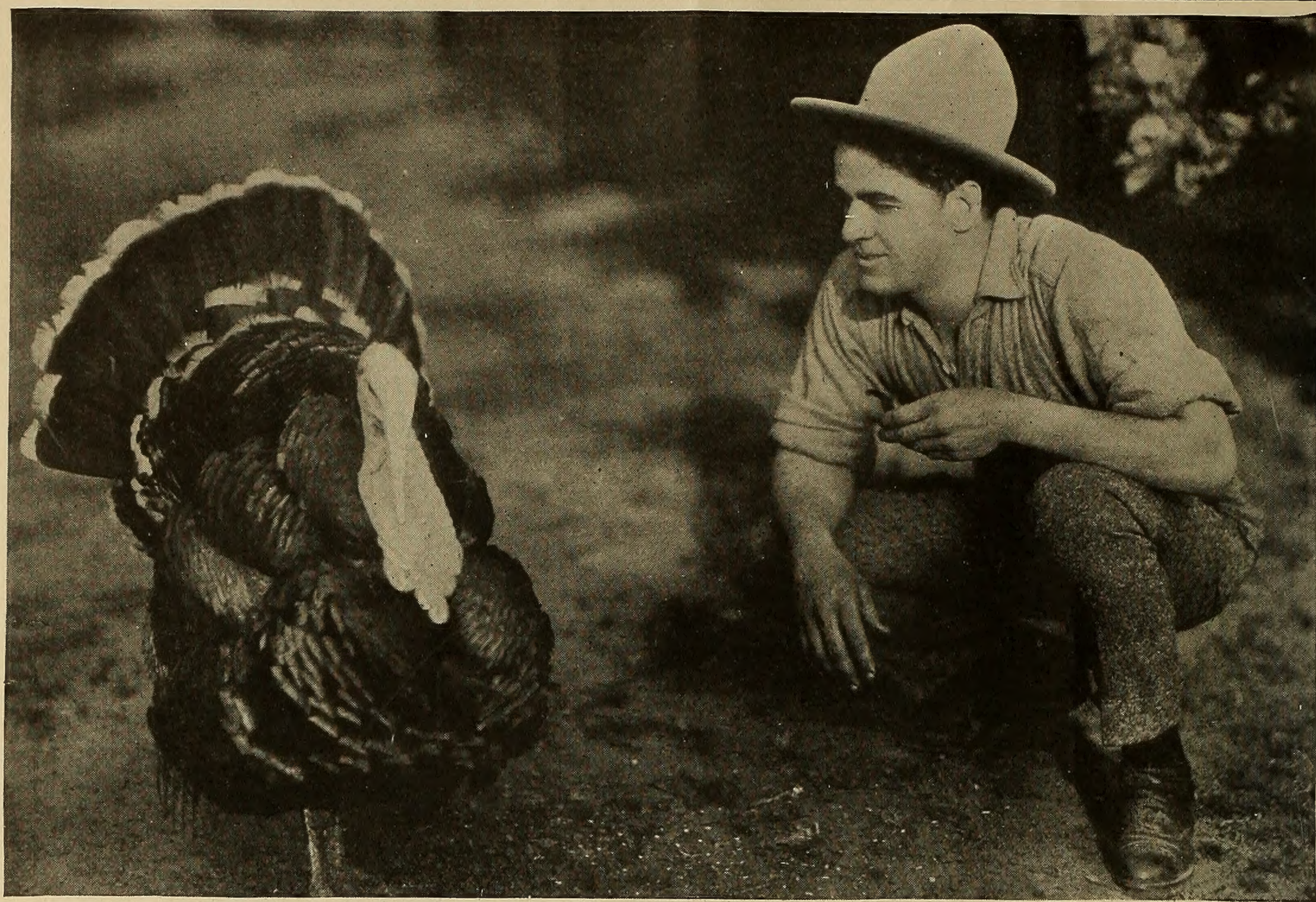
Tock—Yes; he is a self-propeller.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

ENID BENNETT

Is a new star in the Triangle firmament. Any girl would look pleasant, naturally, when told that she has been elevated to stardom; but Enid Bennett looks pleasant, anyhow—she cannot help it.



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

William Russell and his pet gobbler "Claude" sit by the hour discussing current events.

William Russell and the Duchess of Butterfat

WILLIAM RUSSELL took the pipe from his mouth and smiled lovingly at his pet turkey before getting up from the grass where he'd been sitting.

"Gosh! women make me sick!" he said then. "They aren't leaving us men any privileges at all these days. First they break into our clubs, and then they come round yelling about equal rights, and now I see you've been running stories in your magazine about women farmers. They've even butted in on us in that game. What do women know about farms, anyway? It takes a man to run a farm properly, don't you think so?"

We were discreetly polite. We were after an interview, not giving one.

"I've got you," smiled Mr. Russell. "Well, now, I'll tell you what I think about it. The trouble with women is that they get too darned sentimental about things. I see that Blanche Sweet said she wouldn't think of letting one of her chickens be eaten, because she knows them all by name. Just fancy! Isn't that silly? I make more money out of my broilers than anything else. Chickens are foolish things to have around. Always scratching up your backyard and making no end of mess. And they need so much care. Every one of my chickens has a personal maid. Why, it's an awful nuisance!"

Suddenly, with an anxious expression on his face, Mr.

Russell lowered his voice to a whisper. "My! I forgot that the Duchess of Butterfat was asleep!" he said. "See, that's the woman of it again—always has to be pampered. We must be very careful with the Duchess. She sleeps so badly. Any sudden shock would be bad for her. That's because she's so swell. She has a valet with her always, and a phonograph by her bedside. I like to encourage taste for good music in my stock, though I must say that the Duchess has excellent taste now. We waken her to music every morning—starts her off in a good humor. They're all right if you only know how to handle them."

"What about turkeys?" we asked, by way of changing the subject.

"Ah!" said he. "There you've hit it! Now, a turkey is my idea of a sensible bird. My turkeys are the joy of my life, especially Claude, here. Claude and I are great pals. He has no use for the Duchess. In fact, just as you came in, we were forming a Mutual Society for the Protection of Males, weren't we, Claude, old boy?"

Claude's beady black eyes sparkled mischievously.

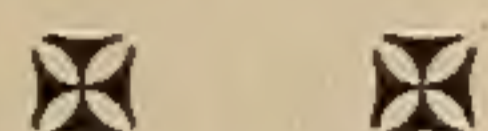
"Claude and I are great pals. Whenever I get a chance, I break away from the studio and hustle over here to him. Then I get into a pair of old trousers and a flannel shirt and take out my oldest pipe, and I'm perfectly happy. Claude and I sit here by the hour discussing things—that

High Life

Two sons of the old sod were watching a picture of high life. The scene showed the interior of a club house. A number of men were drinking rather freely, and all showed signs of intoxication.

"An' phot do yez call thot?" asked one.

"Phaix," replied the other, "thot must be wan of thim 'full' scenes we hear about."



The Tide of Events

The scene on the screen showed a father ordering his son from the house. After a few more scenes the boy was floating in the river.

"Isn't thot funny?" remarked an Irishman to his wife. "The ould man sint the boy adrift, and now he is floating right back on the nixt tide!"



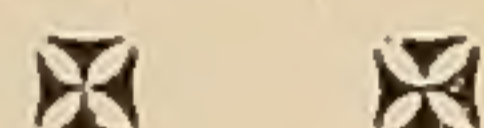
ART CRAFT

Of course you recognize the Mary Pickford profile; but who would suspect her director, Maurice Tourneau, of tea-drinking habits? Just a consultation 'tween scenes, perhaps.

Shaping a Divinity

The scene showed a maid dressing her mistress. After several scenes had passed, a cut back showed the maid still fussing over her mistress.

"By George," remarked a gentleman to his wife, "it's taking that girl a long time to get that woman into definite shape."

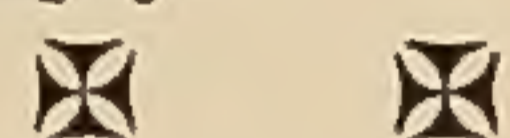


Zig-jag Warfare

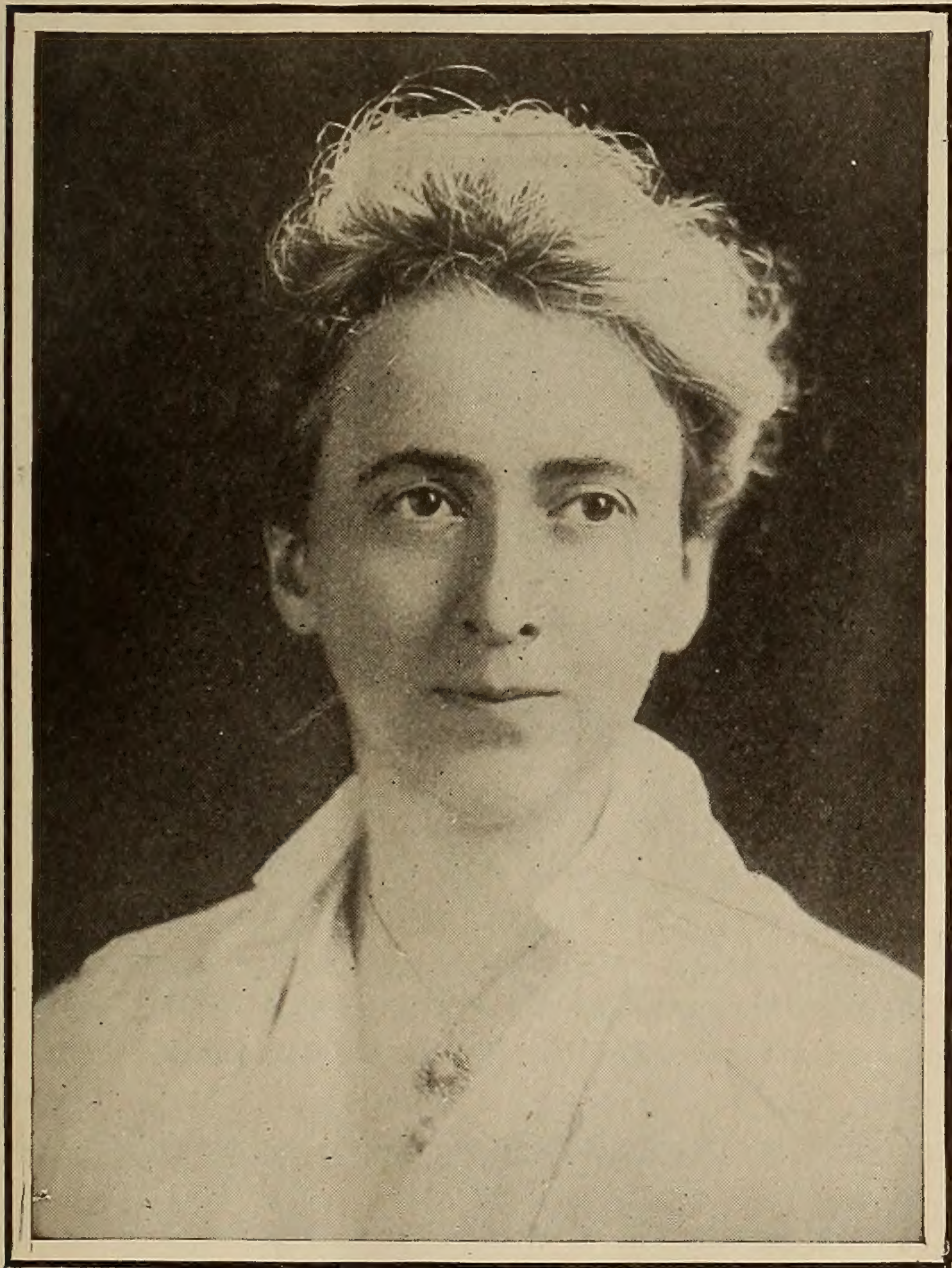
The scene represented a tipsy man zigzagging up the street.

"Is thot mon drunk?" asked one Irishman of another.

"He is either thot or else he thinks thot wan of thim submarines be after him," was the reply.



A film company has no use for "dummy" directors.



FOX

HETTIE GRAY BAKER,

Who is the only woman title editor in the country. They say her salary checks foot up to \$15,000 a year. But be that as it may, she wrote all the titles for "A Daughter of the Gods."



HERBERT BRENNAN FILM CORPORATION

LUCILLE ZINTHEO,

She is accustomed to a warm climate and is trying to keep her ears warm with her hands. But who is to keep her hands warm? Many a bright lad we know—



© IRA H. HILL

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda A. Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda A. Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studios.

A SHORT paragraph in the moving picture magazines and trade papers, a few weeks ago, recorded the fact that the Biograph Studio in the Bronx, New York City, was for sale, that Mr. Kennedy, the president of the Biograph Company since 1908, had withdrawn from the company, and that he would no longer be associated in any way

with moving pictures. Those of us still in the game had for some time felt that the end was drawing near, as the Biograph Company had ceased producing pictures some time ago; but no one wanted to see the old trade-mark that had stood for so much pass into utter oblivion.

Perhaps some of us who served our apprenticeship at

this one-time famous old studio, at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, may have paused a few moments to think what that little news item meant. The magic circled "A. B.," just a few short years ago, was as safe a proposition to an "Exhibitor" as a New York City bond is to the conservative investor. And along with this feeling of regret, perhaps a few of us who should might not have been ashamed to speak a word of gratitude, if only a silent word, for one of the squarest and most considerate firms that any member of a moving picture company could ever hope to become associated with.

The other evening I happened to meet an old-time "Biographer" whom I had not seen for several years, Mr. Dell Henderson. Meeting him brought back some interesting memories of early days, for Mr. Henderson joined Biograph when we were preparing for our first trip to California.

I had been some two winters with Biograph, working day in and day out, in either the stuffy, close studio on East Fourteenth Street or freezing to the marrow doing "exteriors" in Fort Lee, N. J., and Central Park, New York City, when little rumors began to be wafted on the breeze that possibly the company would go to California for the winter. If I only had some old photos, showing the players huddled about a campfire built in the snow that covered the Jersey landscape and under a thickly branched but leafless tree which was to act as windshield, the reader could understand in some small measure, at least, the hope and the joy that filled our hearts when we first heard of the possibility of a trip to balmy, flowery Los Angeles for the winter months.

There is always something to be grateful for in any extremity of life, if we only look for it. In those days no picture was quite complete without a "chase." Therefore, on these winter pictures taken in Fort Lee, when we weren't warming our fingers or toes over the life-saving bonfire or stealing guiltily over to Ferrando's Italian table d'hôte place for spaghetti and hot coffee, we were most often taking part in the inevitable "movie chase." We were grateful for the "chase" on winter days.

Winter days in Fort Lee recall one sweet face we saw for only a short time on the screen, that of Eleanor Kershaw, for some years now Mrs. Thomas H. Ince and the mother of three lovely boys. She, as well as her husband, spent a short time at the Biograph Studio. In this one of the few pictures Miss Kershaw took part in, she played a little waif in rags and tatters. It was such an icy day you couldn't keep warm with a buffalo robe on. When the picture was finished and run off in a theater, all through the audience you could hear people saying, "My, that must have been some cold day! Just look at her breath!" It



Effie Johnson and Alfred Paget, in a scene from "Love among the Roses," a story of Spanish California.

showed up like a thin white cloud on the screen. She did suffer from the bitter cold.

This incident brings to my mind a similar one that happened in the first picture Mr. Powell directed for Biograph and which was taken on a freezing cold day. This story, however, required a summer setting. We knew we could "get by" a summer scene with leafless trees and vines, and as there was no ice or snow to be seen, the audience would not be able to tell from the screen what the thermometer registered. When Florence Lawrence, who was working in the picture, began to play her scene, her breath froze in such clouds that Mr. Powell, knowing from the previous experience how it would show up on the screen, finally had Miss Lawrence play the scenes without speaking and hardly even breathing.

The first studio we had in California was merely a large, empty lot, where a board flooring, possibly seventy-five feet square, had been laid to serve as

stage. Two small rooms of rough wood were erected for dressing-rooms. In one of the business buildings in town the Biograph rented two large rooms, and there we rehearsed and had our costumes sent. A developing-room was built, and on a screen at one end were projected the pictures when finished.

Mary Pickford was one of the members of that first company to go to California, as was also her brother Jack, although he was not slated to go as a member of the company. Jack Pickford (Smith, he was then) was a small boy in short pants and happened to go to California in a most casual way. The company was gathered at the station, saying farewells to relatives and friends, and when "Little Mary" said "good-by" to her mother, sister Lottie and Jack, Jack started to cry in true "kid" fashion. To pacify him, Mary finally persuaded her mother to let Jack go with her to the coast, and he boarded the train, minus ticket or even a fresh collar or a suit of pajamas. Mary was always a little mother to all her family, and when she reached Chicago, she rushed over to Marshall Field's to get Jack some necessary garments for traveling, etc.

When a theatrical company starts off on a road tour, the inevitable rule is that flat or railway fares only are paid by the firm sending out the attraction; the individual artist pays for Pullmans, sleepers and for all meals taken in the dining-car. Therefore with great joy was the glad news received that not only were the railroad fares to be paid, not only were Pullman sleepers and drawing-rooms to be provided for the women, but three dollars a day was to be allowed for each person for all meals on the train while en route to California. We were quite a happy little family on that trip. At that time the sign of the Almighty



Linda Griffith with three famous riders—Charles Gorman, William Carrol and James Green.

Dollar had not become so firmly implanted before the moving picture artist's eyes as to blind them to the enjoyment and appreciation of the simple and true things of life.

We had three or four young women who were to work for twenty dollars a week (a four-days guarantee at five dollars a day), so that these little kindnesses meant much to them. Everyone in the company, from the twelve-dollar-a-week property boy (then Bobbie Harron, now shining as "The Boy" in "Intolerance"), received fourteen dollars a week as expense money. Mary Pickford at this time was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and others in comparison, so that the fourteen dollars extra meant a lot to those who had to send money "back home."

When we first began taking pictures in Los Angeles, bystanders would get as near as they possibly could, without getting within the range of the camera's lens, and then comment about the actors, as if actors were strange people born without ears to hear what was said about them.

I remember one picture taken in the hills of Hollywood, called "In Old California," a romance of the Spanish Dominion. Everyone in the cast of this picture was in costume, and although we began working far off in the foothills, twenty miles from town, the curious and the unemployed soon found us. Therefore, later in the day, when we used the Hotel Hollywood and its grounds for "locations," not only did we have as audience the hotel guests, but each guest had 'phoned a friend to "Hurry on over. They are taking movies at the hotel—a whole company of actors is here." Mr. Powell, Mr. Frank Grandin, Dell Henderson and Marion Leonard were playing in this picture. In the middle of a most dramatic scene between them, one of the spectators called out in a loud voice, "My gracious! I wouldn't dress up like that and look like a fool for all the money in the world!" There are many now that would be willing gladly to do more than wear a Spanish costume for a very small part of Charlie Chaplin's or Mary Pickford's salary!

At the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano, seventy

miles south of Los Angeles, we produced a southern Californian story, called "The Two Brothers." Wally Walthall was the leader of a band of Western outlaws in the story, and as such did some wonderful riding. Mr. Griffith, myself and a few others had made the trip by motor, arriving at Capistrano at seven in the evening. The rest of the company, including riders and horses (there were about twenty of the two latter), left on the midnight train, arriving at their destination at two in the morning.

I had just fallen into a much needed sleep, when I was awakened by a tumult of shouts, pistols being fired off in all directions, racing horses and general pandemonium. As I slowly came to, I first thought of an earthquake, and then followed in order in my mind all the known catastrophes of land and sea, until at last, being fully awakened, I realized a very simple thing had happened. The Wild West riders had arrived and were celebrating their arrival, and this most alarming demonstration was merely their way of giving expression to an exuberance of healthy animal spirits, even if it was two o'clock in the morning. Colonel Roosevelt knows all about this sort of an experience and perhaps would have appreciated the celebration.

When, the next day, we were working on the picture-taking scenes of these boys' riding, I could easily understand the life-risking chances they took on their horses. In answer to Mr. Griffith's offer of "A dollar for a fall, boys," they fell on all sides, with the horses running on madly without their riders, and in some cases the horse never moving, but standing still by the side of the prostrate rider until the scene was finished. These boys sometimes made as much as ten or twenty dollars a day just for "falls." Some of these Western riders have recently thrilled us by their wonderful riding in the "Ku Klux Klan" scenes in "The Birth of a Nation," in scenes from Mr. Thomas Ince's "Civilization," and more recently they no doubt drove the chariots in the ancient Babylon that came to life once more in Mr. Griffith's "Intolerance."



MUTUAL

"Sometimes I think my next adventure will be my last, but I know I cannot escape it. But if the scenario says you must jump from a hundred-foot cliff—you just bid good-by to your friends and do it—that's all."

"Shooting" the Thrills With Helen Holmes

"THE THRILLS witnessed on the screen are every bit as thrilling for the people who make them as they are for those who see them," admitted Helen Holmes, known throughout the motion picture world as "Helen the Fearless."

Director McGowan is the greatest little inventor of thrills, by which other people may or may not break their necks, who ever had charge of a producing company. But the first principle of success in motion production is confidence in your director. So if it is 'in the story' that you've got to toddle over a hundred-foot cliff into fifty feet of water, and McGowan says it can be done, why, you just go ahead and do it—that's all. Of course he has had the whole thing tested out, and, anyway, you can only die once. So when he shouts 'Camera!' away you go, hoping.

I'll never forget, so long as I live, the ride I had on a crazy lumber-train engine, with big, coal-scuttle smoke-stack, when we were 'shooting' 'A Lass of the Lumberlands.' The weather was awfully cold, and some of the valves had frozen; so when I put steam on the old contraption, I couldn't shut it off again, and away I went over stumps and shrubs. When I finally did succeed in stopping that lumber-camp teakettle, I made a solemn vow to make them provide me thereafter with first-class mechanical devices.

"Once I had to jump from a train that was traveling at thirty miles an hour. The landing didn't seem to hurt much, for it was broken by a lot of straw they had spread for me; but it was the awful sensation of landing on my left ear that made me feel so sort of one-sided. When the rescue party picked me up, and I stood there close up, dazed and, so far as the audience knew, dying, I tell you honestly I thought I *was* going to die.

"Another lovely bit was when I had to jump over a cliff and slither about in loose gravel. I stumbled on the edge of the 'take off' and actually did fall. They thought I did it on purpose and said it was wonderful work. I guess it was. I was skinned from head to foot.

"How would you like to crawl over a burning bridge, with nearly all the supports gone? The rails were nearly red-hot, and the air was like a furnace blast. If I had turned back, the whole scene would have been spoiled. 'Helen,' I muttered, 'it's now or never!' When I reached the other side, I fainted. They filmed that, too.

"Sometimes in my dreams I think the next adventure will be my last, but still I know I can't escape it. The thrill of the thrills is driving me forward, and I know that when the time comes, no matter what McGowan tells me to do, I'll do it. But, oh, do you wonder that I sometimes jump in my sleep?"



"I believe you, Berenice. I am sure there were no other girls in this room."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Berenice and her friend find themselves in the wrong hotel room, which was bad enough, but worse when the friend's parents find them there. They try to explain.

FAMOUS PLAYERS



FAMOUS PLAYERS

It seems the easiest way out for the friend to introduce Berenice and the strange young man as "Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner," which seems to be a plausible reason for their presence in town, enroute to the matinee.

Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington"

BECAUSE she was reputed never to have told a lie, Berenice Somers is presented with a handsome medal from the Truth Society and nearly dies of laughter while the presentation is being made. For Berenice can, as her friends say, "give Ananias cards and spades and still beat him" at the lying game. She has such a sweet, innocent expression on her face that no one but her friends know what a fibber she is—so they call her "Miss George Washington." Berenice is so fast on her mental feet that

she needs neither memory nor notebook to keep her from mixing stories. Having told one fib in order to deceive the head of the private school of which she is a pupil, she starts an avalanche of lies and has to keep right on.

The whole thing makes a screamingly funny farce that is not dull for one moment. Marguerite Clark, as the girl who cannot tell the truth, is charming and handles a few of the scenes, that might very easily have become vulgar, with just the right touch. We recommend "Miss George Washington" as a gloom chaser.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

This innocent deception made all sorts of complications, for the friend's parents immediately invite them all to a house party. There is no way out of it—they have to accept.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

But Berenice has nimble wits. She extricates herself from an unpleasant situation by confiding to her hostess that she has had a quarrel with her husband and is never, never going to speak to him again.



MUTUAL

In these days of too short dancing frocks, it is a relief to find someone as lovely as Minneta Timayo still clinging to the graceful and dignified train—though in this case it seems to be the train that's clinging to Minneta. "Straight lines and simple ones" is Miss Timayo's motto, and so she designs all her gowns just that way.

No one realizes more fully the tremendous effect of clothes upon the wearer than does the motion picture star, who must portray perfectly so many different types of character. "Not only on the screen, but in everyday life as well, our actions reflect the clothes we wear," they have found. "No one but we ourselves can know what sort of garment is best calculated to bring out our finest characteristics. That is why so many of us design our own gowns."



LASKY

Mary Mersch's new evening gown is blue chiffon over a silver drop, and it is trimmed with blue and silver sequins. Whenever she has nothing better to do, Mary gets out her sewing box and her big shears, and presto! she has a new dress with which to startle the populace.

Everybody Loves an Evening Gown.

In the Book of Rules Above We Tell You Why.



VITAGRAPH

Here's Edith Storey back again. She says the fan is to keep her from getting overheated. No wonder she's smiling, after that.



BALBOA

The lily is Ruth Roland's favorite flower—that's the reason she gives for her gown of white taffeta.



ESSANAY

We don't know how Edna Mayo sits down in this, but it does look mighty pretty. Standing is good for the figure, anyhow.



FOX

"Dear me, it's getting cold!" said Joan Sawyer, throwing about her shoulders a beautiful gauzy scarf of tulle. We happened to catch her while she was standing still, long enough for us to examine this white chiffon dance frock with gorgeous feather trimming.

Of course, all as hard, to make work and no play up for it. "And would make even the right kind of these Jills very dull playing clothes are girls. When they every bit as important as the right work—which is kind of working the greater part of the time—they clothes," they say work very, very —you can see that hard; and so, when they know what they play, they they're talking have to play twice about.



LASKY

Nothing at all to make, my dear. Just four flounces and a bit of bodice is plenty for a gown for Cherie Malone. Of course it is strapped on over the shoulders and made of iridescent sequins. And there is the tulle drapery and the silk lining and things. But with a countenance and manner like Cherie Malone's, what matters her gown?

They're Ready—On With the Dance.

Most Anyone Would Feel Like Dancing in Gowns Like These.



PATHE

WH TE-PHOTO

"It is so difficult," explains Jane Grey, "to know how to arrange one's arms in a picture." We find no fault with her arms.



PATHE

WHITE PHOTO

Grace Darmond likes yards and yards of material in her gowns. You can tell that, can't you?



ARTCRAFT

WHITE PHOTO

It isn't often we have the opportunity to see Mary in evening gowns, she is kept so busy at ingenue parts. Reading poetry, too!



THANHOUSER

The cares of motherhood don't seem to have wrinkled Florence La Badie's brow. She looks almost as young as the baby does.



THANHOUSER

Carey Hastings was the mother of seven in "The Vicar of Wakefield." No wonder she looks so careworn.



VITAGRAPH

FLOYD, N. Y.

"Dear, dear, children are an awful responsibility!" says Anna Brady.

THE MOTION PICTURE

By HAZEL

THE HERO and the heroine must many trials endure;
To be run over, shot and drowned is not a sinecure.
Yet, when it comes to suffering, there's not a Picture Queen
But yields the palm in agony to Mother of the Screen.

She has to see her Only Boy by Gamblers led astray,
The Villain plot and counterplot to capture Daughter May,
While Father loves to tipple. Oh, that family's mighty
mean

To poor, old, white-haired Mother of the Motion Picture
Screen!

Of course we know that W
But, then, it rhymes so
Screen.



VITAGRAPH

Mary Maurice looks very proud of her screen son, Marc MacDermott.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE STUDIO

Alice Davenport has mothered more comedies than any other woman on the screen, but don't tell her we said so. No mother likes to hear her children called "comedies."



SELIG-POLYSCOPE

At one time Eugenie Besserer was known as the champion lady fencer of the world. Now she is a champion mother of the screen.



No reel mother, this very comfortable-looking person, but little Bobby Connelly's honest-to-goodness real mother.



LASKY

Here's Anita King playing a mother role and looking as if she enjoyed it. The baby looks happy, too; but, then, what baby wouldn't?

CTURE MOTHER

CFARLANE

The Cruel Landlord turns her out if she can't pay the rent,
Or there's a Mortgage on the Farm that eats up ev'ry cent.
No sables, pearls, nor Paris gowns, no crested limousine
Are owned by sad-eyed Mother of the Motion Picture Screen.

Behold her as she "registers" that look of patient woe
(No candidate for martyr's crown has ever suffered so),
While down her furrowed cheek slow fall those tears of
glycerine
That are wept by tortured Mother of the Motion Picture
Screen.

er doesn't sanction glycereen,
tiff'ly with Motion Picture



SELZNICK PICTURES

Gertrude Berkeley knitting boots for baby—in "War Brides." Screen mothers must be very versatile—they expect so much of them.



BALBOA

Sweet and demure in this bonnet tied under her chin is Mollie McConnell, the Balboa mother. 15—



VITAGRAPH

MOODY, N. Y.

Even gypsies have mothers, but gentle Mary Anderson doesn't always look like this.



FOX

Chief of the Fox mothers is Mrs. Cora Drew—who mothers the whole company.

The Children's Hour

The Ubiquitous A=B-Cs

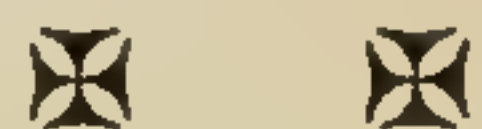
You'd think screen people would be too busy to hand out the usual fond-father tales about their bright boys at home, but they are as bad as the next one. This is the tale offered by a screen star who has a baby boy at home, just learning some of the wicked ways of the household.

Father claims he asked for a second helping of cake at lunch one day and spelled the word, in order to get past the baby's notice.

"I'll have some c-a-k-e," he spelled cautiously.

Baby Boy glanced up wisely and waved his spoon in the air.

"I'll have some of those a-b-Cs, too," he remarked.



What Did the Cat Ask?

Screen mother—Don't ask so many questions, Bobby. Curiosity once killed a cat.

Studio son (after moment of thought)—What was it the cat wanted to know?



VITAGRAPH

Charles Kent, over at the Vitagraph, has never allowed his youthful spirits to evaporate. The studio children beg him daily for stories.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Children never will be able to understand why grown-ups have such a craze for soap and water. But Dorothy Gish, in "Children of the Feud," has views of her own concerning wash-ups.



WILLIAM FOX

When little Jane Lee has a birthday party, she invites all the children she can find. You can count the candles for yourself and see how old Jane is.

Not in Her List

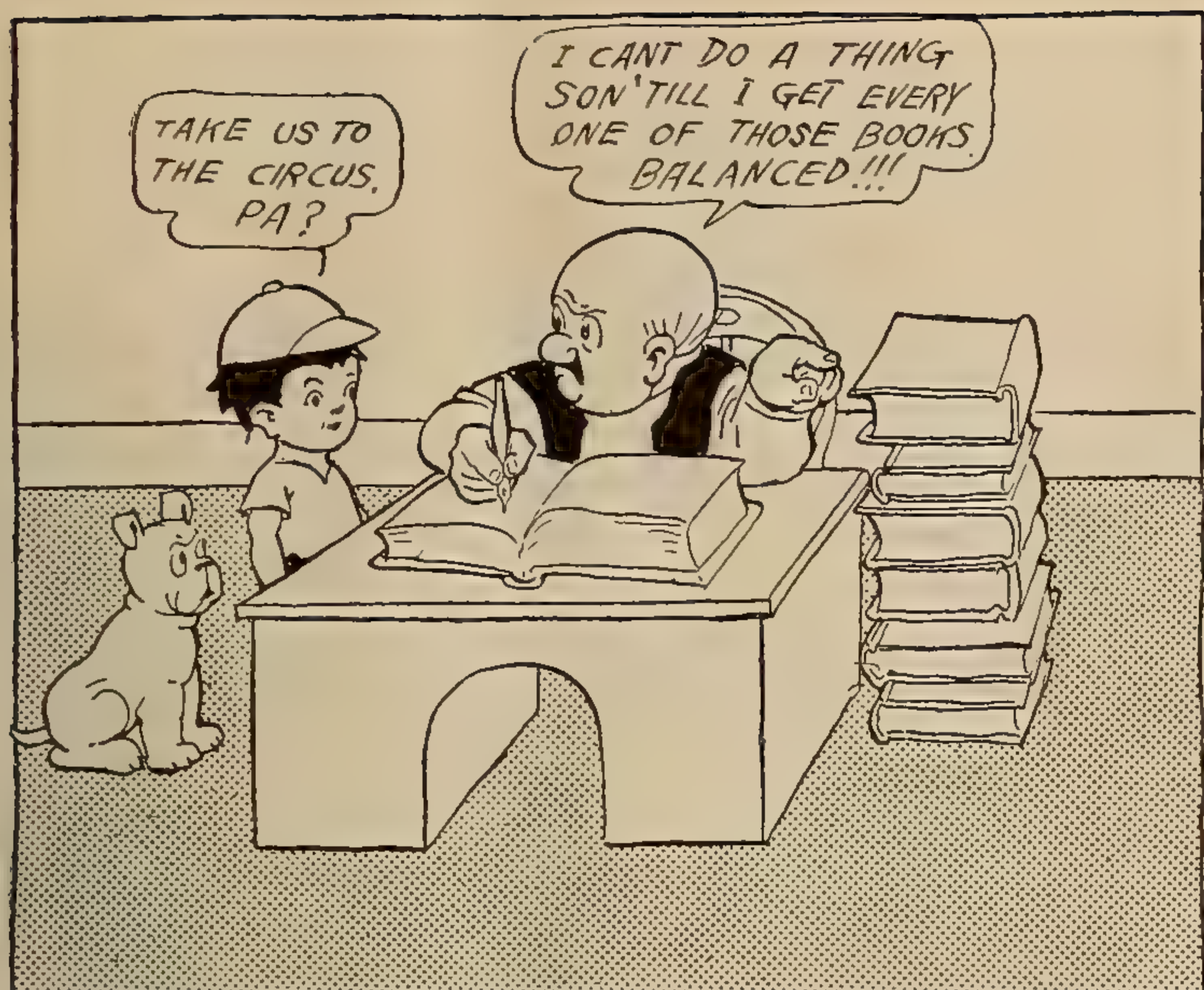
Lena Baskette and Elizabeth Janes, both busy child actresses and busy little schoolgirls, too, were confiding their schoolroom triumphs to their director, Marshall Stedman, the other day.

"I got 100 in deportment to-day," said Lena proudly.

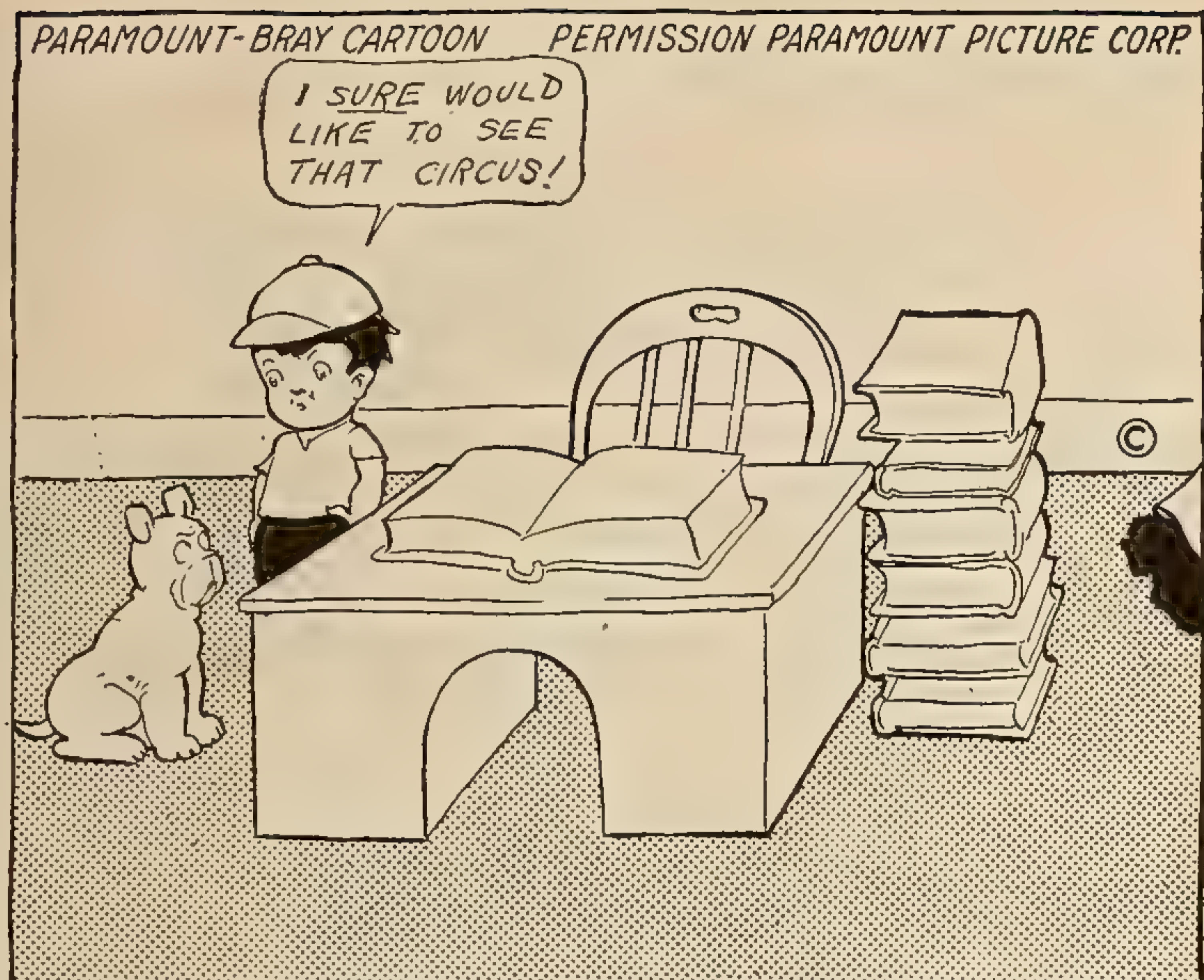
"What did you get?" he asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth gazed at him artlessly.

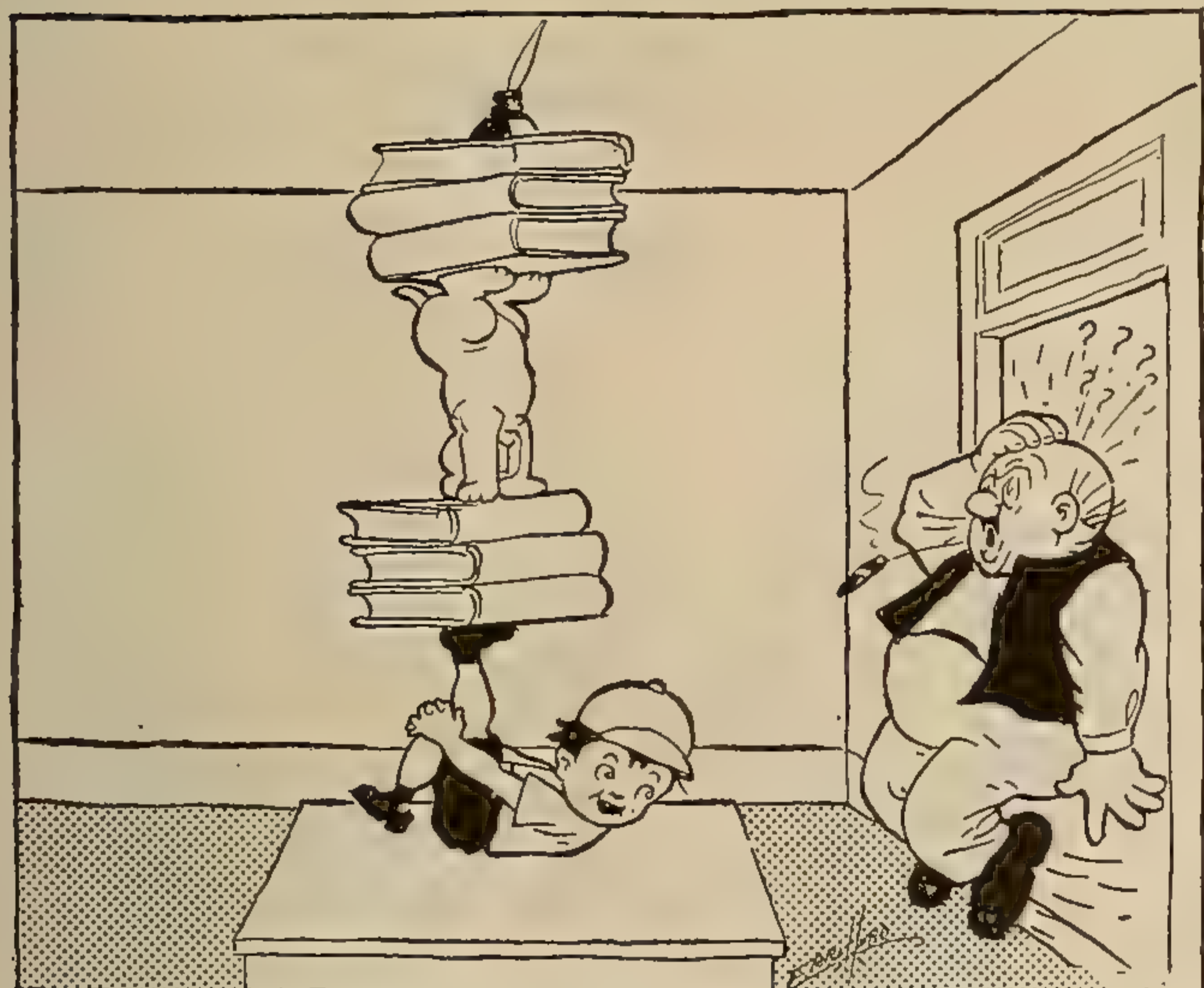
"Oh, I don't take that," she explained patiently.



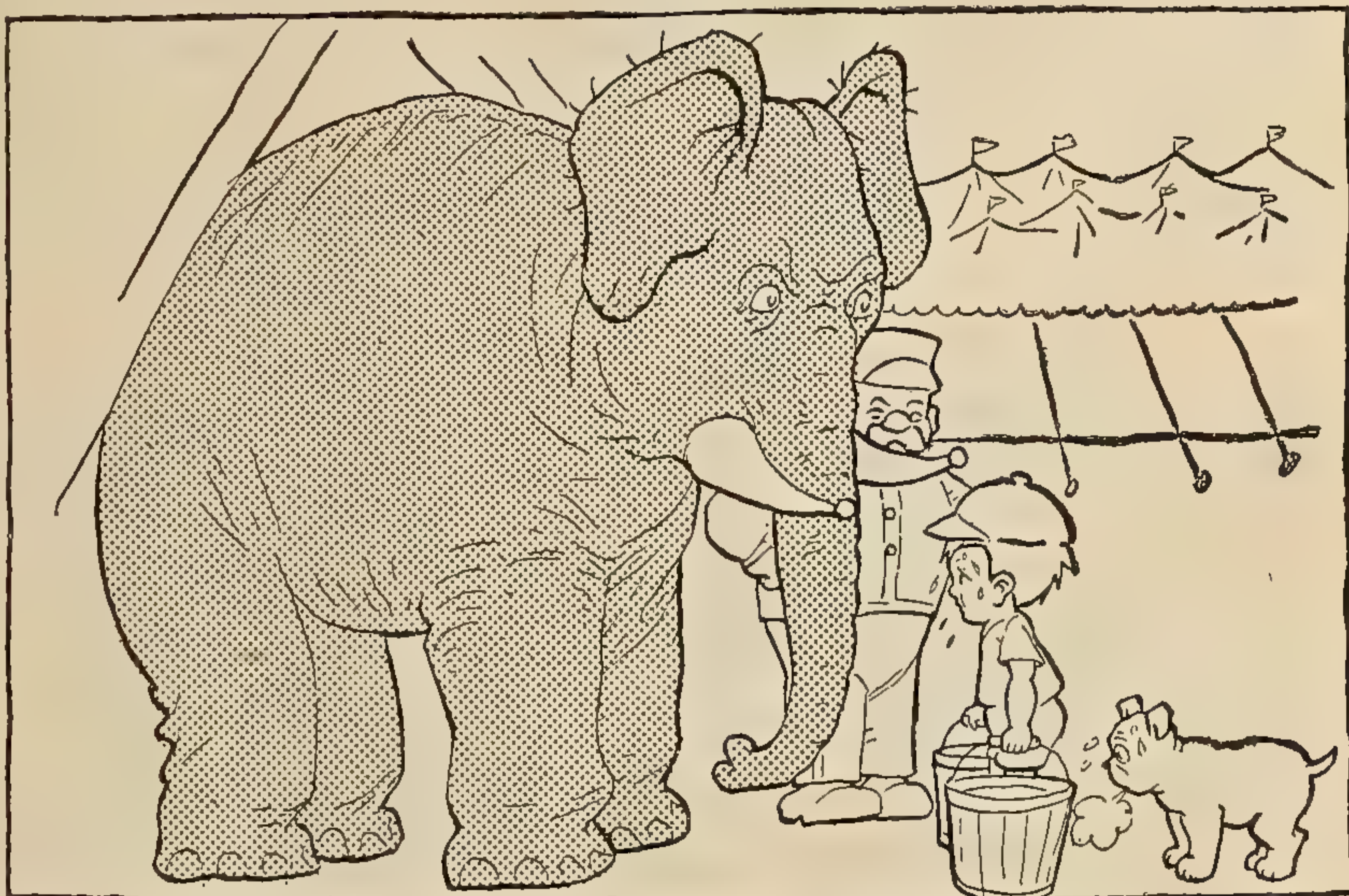
Bobby Bumps and his pup want to go to the circus. When a boy wants to go to a circus, of course he tackles dad. Bobby's dad is balancing some books.



Dad leaves the room for a moment. Bobby and his pup put their heads together. They simply have to get to that circus. A boy wouldn't be a boy if he didn't.



Bobby didn't mean a thing—he only wanted to help dad balance the books, so he could hustle up to that circus. However, dad didn't see it that way.



Bobby isn't going to give up, though. For the rest of the afternoon he carries water for the elephants, in order to be allowed to look in under the Big Tent now and then.

Undiluted

The picture showed the interior of a club house. Several men sat at a table, drinking rather freely from a bottle near them.

"Oi say," remarked Pat to his friend, "they certainly are doing justice to that rye."

"Yez be roight," was the answer; "and Oi'm thinking thot they are not timpering it wid mercy."



The Other Chap

The picture showed a man with a black eye and a bruised face.

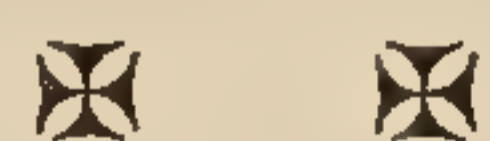
"Phaix," said an Irishman to his friend, "thot man must hov met somewan wid a striking resemblance to a prize foighter."

No Narrow Path for Him

Two Irishmen were watching the antics of a tipsy man on the screen.

"Oi wonder if a mon loike thot could ever take to the straight and narrow path?" asked one.

"Be gobs," his friend replied, "a mon loike him wouldn't hov room to stagger in any narrow path!"



Marriage Bonds

After the screen wedding Mr. Kross turned to his little boy, remarking, "Wasn't that pretty?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I am never going to get married."

"Why not?" his father asked.

"Because I have lived with married folks too long."



MOROSCO

"Love—forty!" she shouts, believing there is safety in numbers. There's no reason to raise a racket about it, though.



MOROSCO

Isn't she the cut-up? Kathlyn says a woman can beat a mere man every time when it comes to real work, even if she does have to borrow his trousers to do it!



MOROSCO

That's all she said!

No Idle Moments

In the day for Kathlyn Williams. Like the busy bee, she improves each shining hour with a few more shines. From the moment when she gayly chokes the alarm clock that sings its matin melody promptly at six a. m., on through a full day of chores, this lady is an honest-to-goodness motion picture girl. She is never idle for a second.



MOROSCO

Do you blame the dog for getting his foot scratched? What impartial male wouldn't do the same, if he got the chance?



MOROSCO

Every dog has his day, but every day is Fluffy's. Fluffy loves the studio, and he gets up bright and early every morning, so as to be ready to start out with Mistress Kathlyn and to bark his approval of her acting.



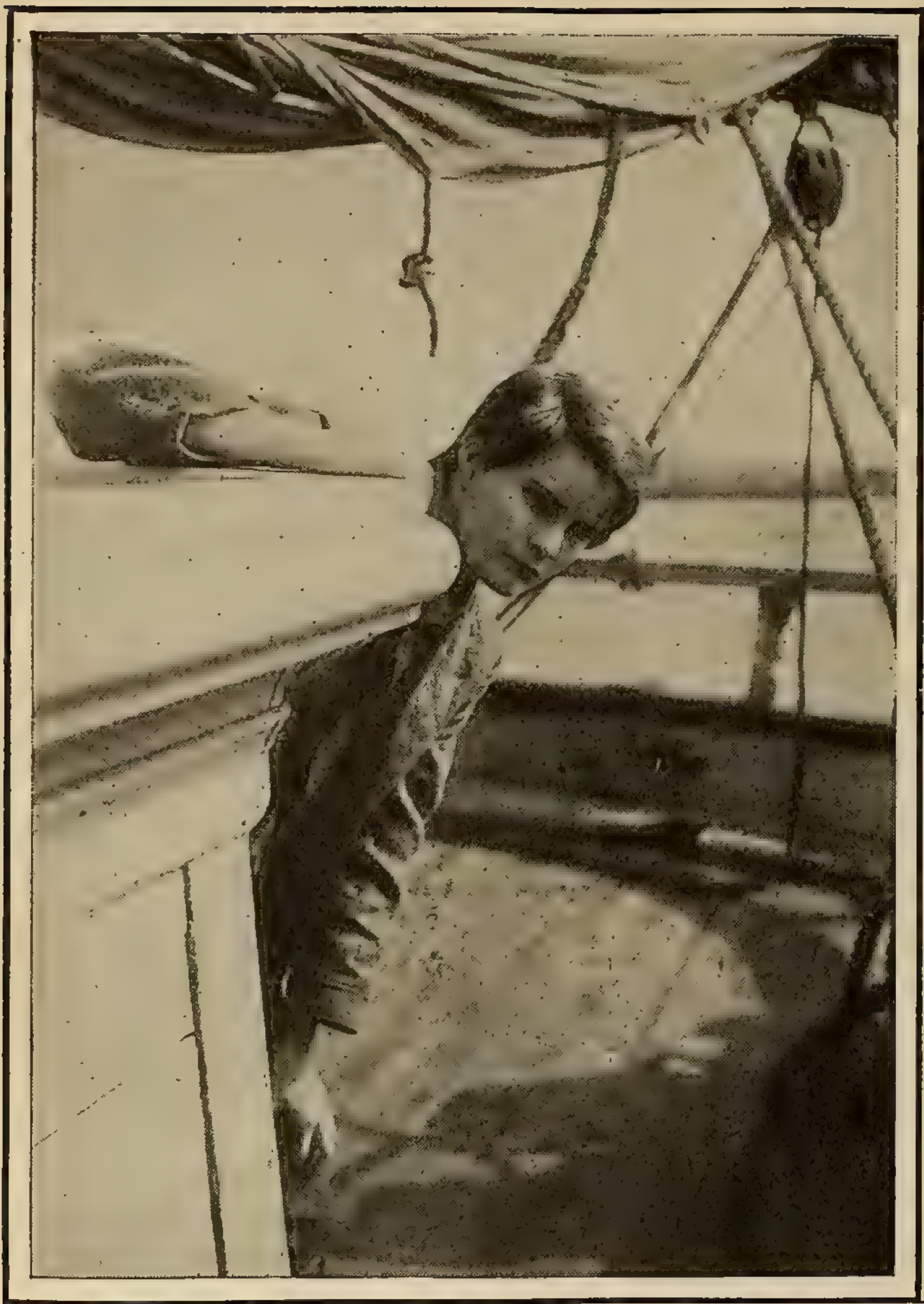
MOROSCO

"Speak for it!" says Kathlyn. She has no time for Fluffy now, and he must wait while she and His Kingship play together. Mr. Lion seems to be every bit as much afraid of her as Fluffy is. And they tell us women are the weaker sex!



MOROSCO

Back at her bungalow, our heroine dons a beautifully embroidered dressing gown and reads about her own narrow escape while riding a frightened elephant. It was just fun for her, but, of course, it's all in the game to make it seem as exciting as possible.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

In "The Wharf Rat," Mae Marsh, as the orphan Polly, dons boys' clothes and becomes a wandering musician.



ART CRAFT

Mary Pickford, as the East Indian girl, falls in love with the young English officer in "Less Than the Dust."

"The Wharf Rat," and What We Think of It

POLLY is an orphan, placed by her father's will in the care of her stepmother, Mrs. McCracken. Grandpa, a violinist and a woman-hater, lives with them. One day he hears Roy, Mrs. McCracken's son, forcing his attentions on Polly. He strikes Roy to the ground, and thinking he has killed him, escapes, taking Polly with him.

Polly disguises herself as a boy, and boards an outgoing steamer where they meet Eddie Douglas, also a woman hater, and they become great friends.

At the end of the journey they separate, Eddie to go to his father's lumber office on the dock. Polly and grandpa obtain shelter in the cabin of an old ship at the same dock.

Of course she meets Eddie again, and of course it turns out in the end that grandpa did not kill Roy at all. And Eddie ends up, where all woman-haters do, before a preacher—with Polly.

It does not matter in the least that in several parts of this picture Old Man Coincidence is somewhat overworked. Nor does it matter that in real life no boy with eyes in his head could mistake Polly for one of his own sex for very long. For a more charming boy than Mae Marsh in trousers would be hard to find, and that is the important thing. Robert Harron is always good, and as Eddie he is particularly so. "The Wharf Rat" is a delightful picture, on the whole, and Mae Marsh is the chiefest of its delights.

Less Than the Dust

IT IS a pity that Miss Pickford has been advised to attempt to interpret the characters of all nations. As Mary Pickford, in the winsome, piquant and altogether appealing plays in which she first appeared on the screen, she was delightful. In her later attempts, instead of indicating versatility, she merely outlines her limitations and causes her very good friends and admirers to sincerely wish that she wouldn't try to do things that she cannot do.

In "Less Than the Dust," the directors of the play give us a remarkable assortment of misinformation about India. A girl of the age of Rahda would have been married and not allowed to run at large among the men who were plotting against the government. She would not have eaten with men, nor would she have hastily grabbed up the dishes before the men had more than started. She would have waited for the second table.

Even though she was of white blood, her Eastern training would not have permitted her to slough off the results of twelve or fourteen years of training and called it comedy to make laughter out of "eating the Sacred Cow." Even the Pickford ingenuity was unable to rise above the very patent strain that evinced itself throughout the picture. Our one hope is that the characters will soon be exhausted, and that Miss Pickford will return to us the gay little charmer as of yore.



MUTUAL

Kolb and Dill, in "A Peck of Pickles," have a little trouble with mice in their grocery store, but they regard any customer as finicky who refuses to buy cheese just because a mouse jumps out of the delicacy. Who would deprive an innocent mouse of a bite or two of cheese?

Shaking for the Enemy

Two sons of the old sod were watching a battle scene. The soldiers were lined up for inspection, just prior to the engagement. One man in the front row was seen to shake like a leaf.

"An' phot is thot mon shakin' about?" asked one.

"Thot is easy. Can't yez see thot he is trembling for the lives of the enemy?"

✕ ✕

Ground Out

Two sons of Erin were watching a screen wedding. A very uncouth man was being married to a woman of the "belligerent" type.

"Thot mon is phot yez would call a diamond in the rough."

"Yis," was the reply; "but don't yez worry. Thot woman will soon grind him down."

✕ ✕

An Installation

Mr. Dilly—Let me see now; to-day I must pay the third installment on my books.

Mrs. Dilly—Yes; and to-night



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Ford Sterling, looked the part of Polly Moran's henpecked screen husband.

we must see the first installment of "The Adventures of Lizzy."

✕ ✕

Dead Ones

During a battle scene those who had "died" for their country were seen to move several times.

"Be jabbers," said Mrs. Casey to her husband, "they be funny dead men!"

"Yes," was the reply. "They haven't enough loife in thim to play the corpse."

✕ ✕

Truly Unlucky

Scenario writer—Beware of opal rings. They are unlucky.

Director—I know they are. I gave one to a girl once.

Scenario writer—What happened?

Director—She married me.

✕ ✕

Very Practical

Screenly—Filmer seems fond of practical jokes.

Starleigh—Yes; he sells 'em for a dollar apiece.

Fairbanks and the New Screen Tongue

By EFFIE LEESE SCOTT

IS IT going to be like this?

Douglas Fairbanks says it is.

Listen!

"Hey, there!" yells a manager. "Make that rose odor stronger during that love scene!"

Instantly the audience is submerged in a greater rose atmosphere.

"Now in that revert," continues said manager, "when we picture the old home down on the farm, make it strong with new-mown hay; then when the heroine becomes reminiscent, add a few whiffs of rose-mary."

Thus the director of odors is kept busy playing on a set of pipes, which give out perfumed vapor through tubes which extend to scores of apertures throughout the room. Meanwhile the audience keeps en rapport with each shifting scene, for there is an odor for every emotion.

No, this odor-producing, emotion-suggesting machine hasn't been invented yet, but the idea for the model still remains where it was born—in the fertile brain of Douglas Fairbanks. Doug says it's going to be worked out in the near future. He modestly confesses that he thought out the scheme after observing Belasco shooting incense out over the audience just before rolling up the curtain on an Oriental play.

"The fact is," said Mr. Fairbanks, when discussing the future possibilities of the screen, "we've got to have a screen language. And when we do, the moving picture will move up a few pegs in the art world. Oh, some brilliant person will invent it, all right, and in this new scheme the olfactory nerves are going to play an important part. Just now music is

utilized to express emotions, and rapid advance has been made in perfecting the idea; but science tells us that odors express emotions, and, furthermore, that there is an odor for every emotion.

"We have got to have something more satisfying than we have to take the place of the human voice. Gestures are just beginning to be developed, but for the present drastic action is universally substituted.

"Just now film requirements are very exacting. A screen star playing before a camera must express emotion in a flash. He doesn't have thirty minutes to get in touch with an audience, as does the legitimate actor. It's a case of 'do or die,' and do it darn quick."

Those who are familiar with Douglas Fairbanks's Western plays may rest assured that as soon as this new machine is invented, Douglas will immediately start a factory to manufacture a supply of odors to suggest the mountain atmosphere. To tickle his olfactory nerves with the odor of the pine will put him in the prime of condition to do a Western play in a way that cannot be surpassed.

And Douglas says we are going to have this machine.

Well, maybe!

Here's hopin'!

✕ ✕

Just Out, but Not Extra

Newsboy (to screen actor)

—Extra! Just out! Extra, sir?

Screen actor (indignantly)

—No, indeed! I am a regular member of the company!

✕ ✕

A Handy Subject

Mr. Criss—I heard Dashleigh, the actor, spoke before an audience of deaf mutes the other day.

Mr. Cross—I suppose he had his subject well in hand.



VITAGRAPH

WHAT KEPT YOU, PATSY?

Patsy De Forest was on her way to the indoor pool of her swimming club, when she happened to notice the cover page of a *FILM FUN*. Patsy is a trick swimmer, but she held up the whole party to have her picture taken with Hughie Mack on the cover page. Patsy's curls, you might notice, are waterproof, having been ironed in with the "water system," which stays put.

THE NUTVILLE BOARD OF CENSORS.



Nutville Censors

By LOIS ZELLNER

WE'VE fixed it so them city fellers
That perduce the picture plays
Can't git over any rough stuff,
Can't git by with any tough stuff,
Down in Nutville nowadays.

No, siree! We've careful censors,
And we know whut's fit to screen.
We can tell a reel that's proper.
If it ain't, you bet we stop 'er!
Best screen board you ever seen!

Peter Knuckle—he's the chairman—
Knows the drammer top to toe.
Owned the Opry House one season.
Natchelly you see the reason—
After that, he oughter know.

There's a couple lady members,
Both good jedges of a show.
They won't stand fer fillums shady
Or that might offend a lady,
Like Jul-ius and Romeo.

Ev'ry town should have its censors,
Like we got down Nutville way.
Then the films, by all tarnation,
Would be means uv *education*—
Ain't that whut you fellers say?





The Reason Why

"I SEE," said the Film Fan, "that H. R. Durant claims that authors do not consider ways and means of the editorial office of a motion picture studio. He claims that people who want to write acceptable scenarios should keep in mind the fact that if a play is not good enough for a 70,000-word novel or a good four-act play for the stage, it is not good enough for a five-reel photoplay. He claims this is the reason why editors purchase only one-half of one per cent. of scenarios offered.

"Perhaps it is the reason, and perhaps it is not. There is a lot of piffle about this scenario thing. In one office where the editors were at loggerheads, scenarios were held up for weeks until the personal matters between the two could be adjusted. Each one held out scripts on the other. Each one turned down any script recommended by the other, regardless of its merit. The matter resolved itself into a fight for personal supremacy—while the public patiently waited for the purchase of the 'one-half of one per cent.'

"An editor of another concern, who evidently has his favorites where scenarios are concerned, and who can recognize no merit in any other, returned a scenario with the usual rejection remarks. It happened to be a good scenario, and later the president of the company, by chance, heard of the scenario. He read it, accepted it and sent the author to confer with the very editor who had peremptorily rejected it. The editor praised it highly. The author timidly wanted to know why he had rejected it some months before, when it had been in his hands. He denied any knowledge of it. He insisted that he had never seen it before. Naturally he had to insist to save his face; but if it was not good enough for him at first reading, why was it an excellent script at second reading? The script had not been changed—it was the same story.

"In another office the editor accepted a story, on the condition that it be submitted as a synopsis only. The author is an experienced scenario writer and offered the synopsis and the continuity for the usual price received—\$500. The editor refused the continuity. He offered \$250 for the synopsis and said he had a trained continuity writer to write the continuity. The trained continuity writer was given \$250 for the job. When it was ready for the director, it was found that the continuity was not suitable. Another writer was called in and paid \$150 for writing another continuity. The script cost the company in the long run the combined prices of the author's \$250, the first continuity price of \$250 and the second continuity

charge of \$150. The continuity, at that, was no better than the scenario writer could have done and which would have cost the company \$500 at the start. Yet this company puts out a heap of inflated remarks about its care in selecting writers and plays and the difficulty in finding them.

"There are plenty of good scenarios to be had. There are plenty of good writers to be had. But there are darn few editors who know what they want. They have to make a bluff to the manager, who must make a bluff to the president of the company, who in turn must make a bluff to the men who are putting up the money. And the public pays for the entire amount of bluff.

"A scenario with plenty of snappy comedy in it was offered to a well-known comedian, who claims that he reads his own plays and that he selects them himself. He returned it as being unsuitable to his type. Three months later the play was submitted to his company, on request of an editor who had heard the story outlined, and purchased almost before it was received, on the strength of the outline and the author's reputation. Another star in the constellation was given the play, and the first star protested when he heard of it. He wanted the play himself. He was informed that he had turned it down, having had the first chance at it. As a matter of fact, he had not read the play at all.

"And once more let me say—there are plenty of good scenarios; but if the editors will not read them, what can the writer do?"

"You talk like a fish!" sneered the Grouch. "I suppose you've just had a scenario turned down and want to take it out on the editors."

"I may converse like an inhabitant of the water," replied the Fan, with dignity, "but I have never written a scenario in my life, and with heaven's help I never will. I understand there is only one other man in my class in the world, and we hope to some day form an association. I have marked with mine own eyes the mass of drivel that adds to the receipts of the post office and the gray hairs of the editorial department, and I have also marked the reasonably good tales that are turned down by young gents whose judgment is not equal to their ego and who pose as editors in the motion picture factories. They call for something different, and when a writer brings them something different, they refuse it because it is different. They want to do what the other chap is doing, and unless an idea has been done on the screen, they are afraid of it. And if it has been done, they refuse it because it has been done, and there you are. You can count on the fingers of one hand the men in the motion picture business who have vision and the daring to capitalize their vision."

"Who are they?" asked the Grouch.

"You can count 'em on one hand, I said," returned the Fan. "Do your own counting—you've got a hand as well as I have, haven't you?"





ASCEND TO THE TOP

It is men, and women, for the "top" that are wanted; those able to control, dominate, and organize, with minds that can think great productive thoughts, those with healthy reliable bodies: there is a position, and prosperity waiting at the top for you.

These Men That Reach the Top Are Bulwarks in Business and Social Life

Men of Science have, for convenience, divided humanity into three distinct divisions, thus:—First, The successful—Second, The capable—Third, The incapable.

First Division. Those who are capable, and have to some considerable extent made a success of life; that is, they are comfortably off, have fair health, and because of this, and possibly other successes, rest (as they think) satisfied. Never was there a greater mistake, for these are the very people who are on the eve of prosperity in the highest sense, and fail to recognize it.

Swoboda carries you over the border line, places you above the ordinary man. He develops your Boundless Limitless-Self, makes you powerful, Strong, Thrilling, Vivid, Virile and Quick: further, he gives you a graceful and a magnificent mentality.

This, and this only, is the plane of delightful health you should be on, and not rest in a fool's paradise.

Second Division takes the ordinary type of man who attempts, first one thing, and then another, failing at this and that, often ailing, changeable, poor memory, frequently depressed, or else he is at the giddy heights of the impossible. Experts know that this class of person lacks both physically, and mentally.

Third Division are the "low-downs," those who really EXIST, rather than LIVE, nearly always discouraged and weak in body, but so engrossed with their disabilities that they have little, or no time, to enjoy the sweets of a happy life.

But Swoboda Makes Either of the Above into Men and Women of Endurance

SWOBODA'S MESSAGE TO YOU:—

I can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. I can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. I can increase your very life. I not only promise it, *I guarantee it.* My guarantee is unusual, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

There are those that are tyrannized by paralyzing "suggestions," such as fear of death, future, loss, disease, sickness, temper, inability, worry, suggestions that cripple their efforts, crush their attempts and hurl them back discouraged. *Conscious Evolution* opens the door to a dazzling realization of the dominant latent power within, and these very people come out at the other side, boundless and free.

The reason so many women speak without reserve as to the value of Swoboda's system, is because he has taught them what they should know about Self-Evolution. When they understand this, they are conscious of being Powerful, Magnetic, Beautiful, Healthy and of Strong Feminine Personality, therefore have become better women in every way.

Can YOU work at "top speed" week in, and week out, without feeling fatigued? Can you dominate those under and over you? Can you show yourself to the world as a healthy, powerful competent, profound and systematic thinker?

Can you twist difficulties into successes? Can you say "I can Concentrate—I have a splendid Memory—I have a strong will? Come now! Can you honestly say this? Swoboda can! Interested! Of course you are, how could you be otherwise? Why your very success in life is at stake if you are not like Swoboda, and remember he is just what he has made himself with Swobodaism. Suppose your health failed to-day, where would your business go to? America is just full of money waiting for "top men" and "top women" to earn it. The times are too fast and strenuous for weaklings or slow brains to keep up with. The strong and capable, are the men who succeed; there is plenty of room at the top for you, and Swoboda can take you there alright.

When you board one of the mighty leviathan locomotives rushing madly from New York to Chicago, you simply take your ticket, and rest comfortably until you reach there. The worry and care of the journey is not yours; you are whirled along in restfulness and pleasantness. That is just how Swoboda takes you along. He gives care to every student, and he trains, leads, and teaches you right away for health, and mental and physical strength from the very start. You just place yourself in his hands AND HE DOES THE REST.

Because others have failed to get you into the "pink of health," don't think that Swoboda will fail—he will get you there right enough—absolutely, and thousands all over the world will tell you so.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

2101 Aeolian Bldg.

New York City

N. Y.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA
2101 Aeolian Hall
New York City

Swoboda's new book, "Conscious Evolution" is just off the press. It teaches an entirely NEW DOCTRINE. The very book itself breathes Light and Cheer. It is an illuminating and sensational book. If you fill in your name and address below, he will mail you a copy Free.

To get to know the Secrets of Health and Swobodaism it is necessary to read this book. Mr. Swoboda gives you this opportunity at his own expense. You will learn therein about Evolution, that wonderful Man-and-Woman-remaking system, scientifically described as Self-Evolution and Self-Health-Maintenance.

JUST CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND POST IT, SWOBODA WILL DO THE REST

NAME

ADDRESS {

Swobodaism means Longevity—Youthfulness—Mental Strength—Physical Mastery—Concentration—Health—Nerve Energy—Dash—and Courage. To get this, just put your name and address above.

MESSAGES

FROM THOSE WHO HAVE REACHED THE TOP

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very sceptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physician, who marvelled at them."



IT PLACES YOU

—Just fill this coupon in, tear it out, and mail it TODAY—

NAME

ADDRESS {



That exquisitely gowned woman

—would not look half so exquisite if there were a spot or streak of soil to mar the beauty of her costume.

Five drops of —

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

and a white cloth will eliminate a spot. Keep a bottle on your dressing-table. It is perfectly safe because Carbona —will not explode

15c.-25c.-30c.-\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists

Learn Music AT HOME!

Lessons Free



New Method—Learn To Play By Note—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, 'Cello, Guitar, Piccolo, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute or to sing. Special Limited Offer of free weekly lessons. You pay only for music and postage, which is small. Money back guarantee. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years' success. Start at once. Write for Free Booklet Today—Now. **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 214**
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

STARTLE YOUR FRIENDS!

Mystify and amuse them with magic tricks. A mental tonic after a hard business day.

\$1.90 Worth of Tricks for \$1.00
Choice of 13 sensational card tricks or 8 coin tricks and free booklets describing scores of other tricks, sent postpaid for only \$1.00. 14 pocket tricks (reg. price \$3.05) for only \$2.00.

LEWIS LYON WITH THE MAGIC SHOP
54 No. 13th St. Philadelphia, Pa.



Money In Your Ideas
C & C PATENTS PROTECT THEM FOR YOU
Books "What to Invent" and "How to Obtain a Patent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. A C & C patent on your idea today may mean independence tomorrow. Manufacturers constantly writing us to buy patents. Patents advertised for sale at our expense.
CHANDLER & CHANDLER, Patent Attorneys
Est. 21 Years. 958 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Incorporate Your Business In Arizona

Least cost, Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Special forms prepared without charge.

Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8N, Phoenix, Arizona
Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California

WRITE FOR MONEY

Send us your ideas for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We will accept them in ANY form—correct FREE—sell on commission. BIG REWARDS! Hundreds making money. So can YOU! Write today for full details! **Writer's Selling Service** 28 Main Auburn, N. Y.



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

Anita Loos

Who is going to write all the sub-titles for Fairbanks's plays. He says so himself. He says he has heard people laugh as much over her titles as they did at his comedy.

Besides, comedians cannot be funny all the time. Sometimes he likes to sit down and catch a comfortable breath or two and let the titles do the comedy. Miss Loos is a noted scenario writer as well.

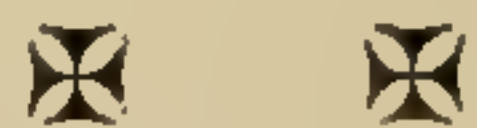
The Girl on the Cover

Veta Searl is a new screen star, and she is as much surprised as anybody over it. When Frank Powell, head of the Powell Producing Company, discovered Veta Searl, he offered her a place in "Charity?" to appear in support of such noted stars as Creighton Hale, Linda Griffith and Sheldon Lewis. Miss Searl is only four foot nine, but she drew herself up to her full length—and hopped right into the front cover of the January FILM FUN.



Side-show Scenes

While Irene Fenwick was doing side-show scenes at Coney Island for "The Coney Island Princess," she attracted the attention of the proprietor of a couple of real side-shows. "Say, kid," said he, "you're there with the looks. There's too much class to you for this. Take it from me, you ought to break away and get onto Broadway, and I'm for you any time you start." Miss Fenwick is thinking of asking some manager for a small part some day.



Sleight-of-hand Costumes

We knew the ladies weren't wearing much, these days, but we didn't know that they could use a silk handkerchief as an article of apparel. Mons. Cne, the fashion artist, says they can, so if you'll watch him in the Paramount Pictograph making sleight-of-hand costumes with all sorts of odds and ends of silks, perhaps you can learn how.



"Charity?" Released by Mutual

"Charity?" by Linda A. Griffith, the first feature of the Frank Powell Productions, in which appear Creighton Hale, Linda A. Griffith and Sheldon Lewis, has been acquired by the Mutual Film Corporation and will be released and handled by that organization as a special feature.



KEYSTONE

Fay Tincher, the Village Vamp

Kipling wrote his poem, "The Vampire," too soon. He should have waited until he saw Fay Tincher! She would have inspired him to write up her kind of vampire instead of the catty creature who copped the title role in the poem. Then Mr. Kipling would have written something about "a wag and tone and a bang of hair, we called her the vamp who didn't vamp fair; for she wouldn't do what she said she'd dare."

You see, Tillie, the hash slinger, read a book about still another vampire lady, and so she started out on a wholesale vamping expedition of her own, just to see how it felt. Since she didn't really mean it, she just lamped and vamped them all. Believe me, it just raised Ned in that old town.



Just Stumbled onto It

Director (apologetically)—I meant to tell about that hole in the ground, Jim.

Screen actor (climbing out)—No matter; I found it.

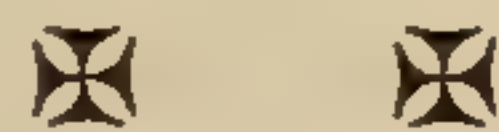


Very Embarrassing

Sweet young extra—Mae had to save a man from drowning yesterday.

Comedy lead—Mercy! How did it happen?

Sweet young extra—He was teaching her to swim.



Inflated Ego

Miss Reel—That actor is a very small type of man.

Miss Film—Yes; and he is always trying to magnify himself.



THE LAFAYETTE FUND

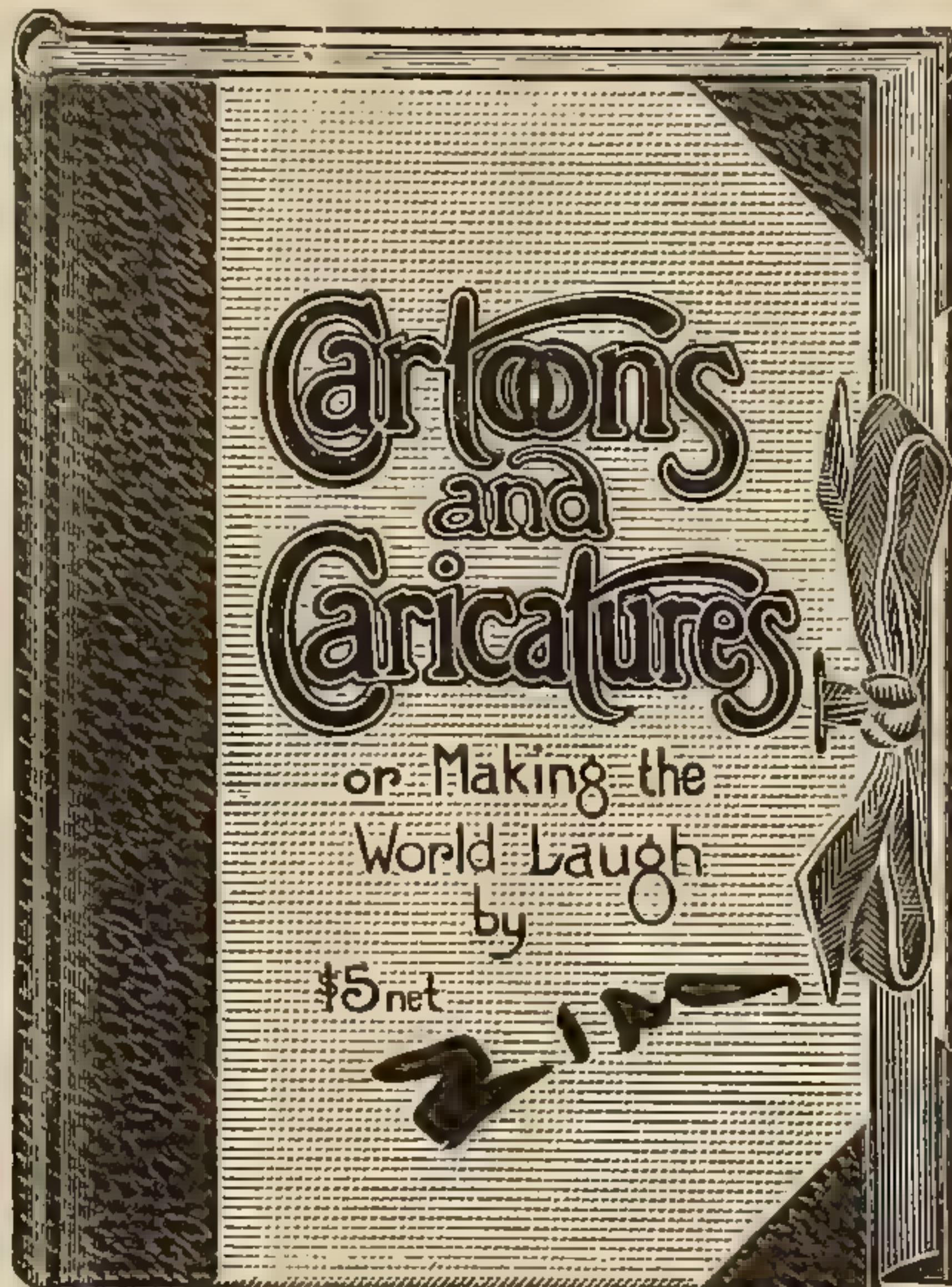
SENDS COMFORT KITS TO THE SOLDIERS
OF FRANCE FOR TWO DOLLARS EACH

The Kit contains the following articles: 1 Poncho (Combination Raincoat and Blanket)—1 Pair Fleece Lined Drawers—1 Fleece Lined Shirt—1 Pair Woolen Socks—1 Handkerchief—1 Cake of Soap—1 Pipe—1 Package of Note Paper—1 Pencil—1 Can of Cretol Ointment.

SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO
FRANCIS ROCHE, Secretary and Treasurer
Vanderbilt Hotel, New York, and your name will go in the Kit

All money subscribed goes to Kits—Expenses are met by the Committee

If you can draw a *little* and want to draw *more*, you have an opportunity to learn at small expense to yourself



EUGENE ZIMMERMAN has an established reputation as a cartoonist.

He has put some of the tricks of his trade into a book,

"CARTOONS and CARICATURES"

bound neatly in $\frac{3}{4}$ morocco, which will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of \$1.00.

Pin a dollar to the coupon below and send it in today

ZIM BOOK
Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave.
New York City

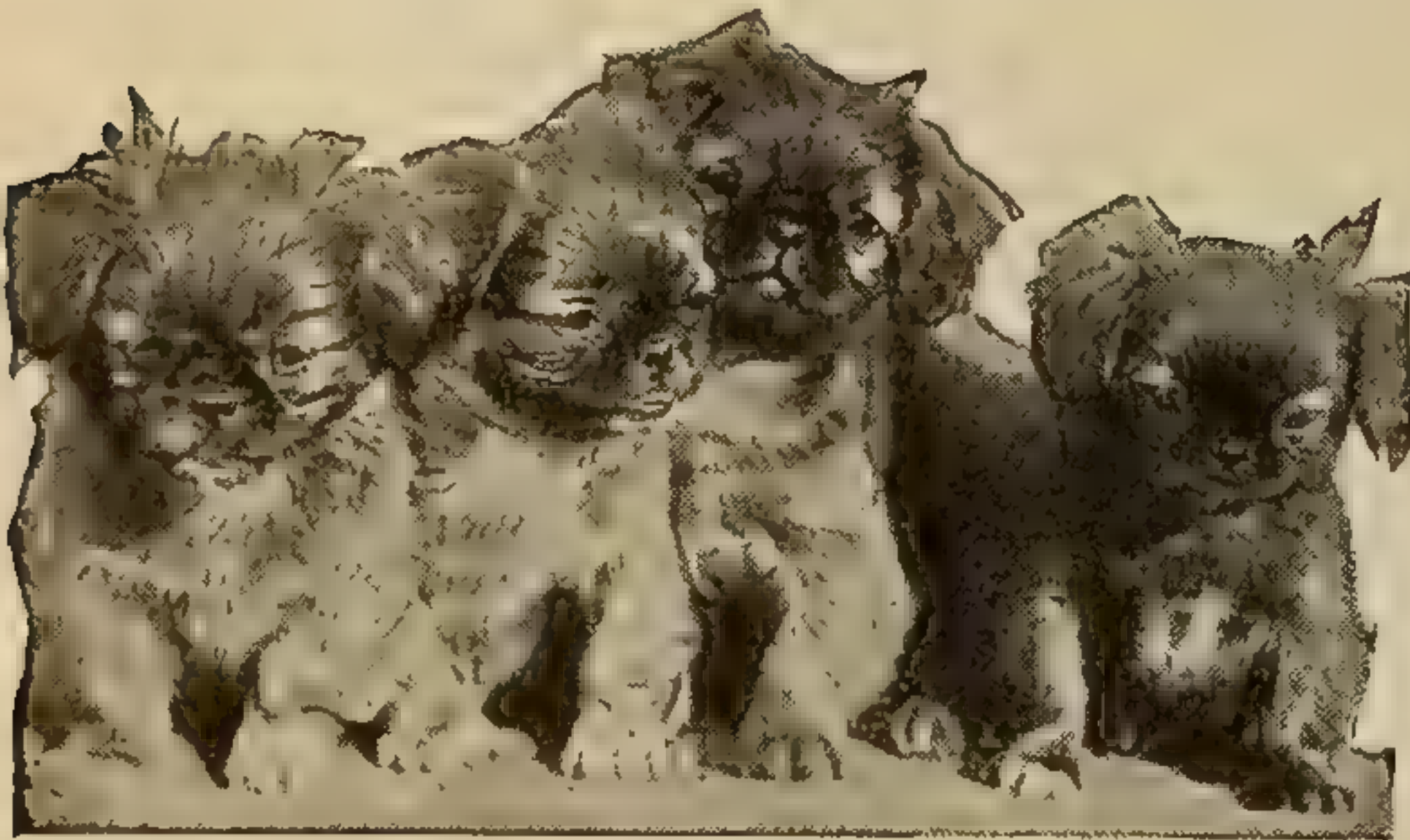
F. F.—1-17

Enclosed is one dollar, please send "Cartoons and Caricatures" to

Name.....

Address.....

MRS. GRANT HAMILTON'S Pekingese



Puppies and grown dogs for sale from the highest class imported prize-winning stock. I selected while in England fine individuals from the best kennels. If you want a real pet or a show dog, write me.

Hamilton Farms

Alstead New Hampshire

Voice Thrower
Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, out in the hall or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, the Janitor, Policeman, or Friends.

The Ventrilo
is a little instrument that fits into the mouth out of sight Boys or Girls can use it. NEVER FAILS! A 32 page book on Ventriloquism sent with the VENTRILLO for 10¢
Royal Novelty Co.
Dept. 45 SO. NORWALK, CONN.

THE MONO EX-RAY

10 cts.

With this eye glass you can apparently see through cloth or wood; see the bones in the body; makes the flesh look transparent. A wonderful optical illusion. By mail 10 cts. Stamps or coin. The Ardee Co., Box 205, Stamford, Conn.

CARTOONISTS, ILLUSTRATORS AND ART STUDENTS



Read and endorse The Student Illustrator as the Magazine of Art. Full of inspiration, suggestions, practical advice, instruction and ideas. Articles on leading cartoonists, illustrators, etc. \$1.00 per year.

STUDENT ILLUSTRATOR
Dept. W, Schwartz Bldg., Wash., D.C.

\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing moving picture plays in spare time. Great demand. YOU can write them. We show you how. Experience not necessary. Send for free booklet of valuable information and special Prize Offer. Chicago Photo-playright College, Box 278-611, Chi'go

MAGIC SCHOOL **POCKET FREE TRICK**
Illustrated Catalogue Included.
Send 6 Cents In Stamps

MAGIC CO., Sta., 5, 470 8th Avenue., NEW YORK

\$—Old Coins Wanted—\$

\$4.25 EACH paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856 \$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1910. Send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. CLARKE COIN CO., Box 26, LE ROY, N. Y.

AT ONCE —ten ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell well established line to our dealers. Previous experience not necessary. Good pay. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co. Dept. 88. Omaha, Nebraska.

Who's Who and Where

Eileen (Babe) Sedgwick is being featured in a series of one- and two-reel comedy-dramas being filmed at Universal City.



"Somewhere in Chicago" they are smearing Leo White over several thousand feet of film. Leo is engaged in the manufacture of giggles with Max Linder, the famous French comedian.



"Take two heaping teaspoonfuls of adventure, a large dash of peril, a goodly portion of mystery, flavor with romance, and there," says Pearl White, "you have a genuine elixir of youth."



Bebe Daniels has lost ten pounds by a secret treatment—she orders apples by the box and eats nothing else. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," says she. Oregon apple growers, please copy.



Billie Ritchey had to lie in bed half a morning recently, waiting for a cat to wag its tail, so as to tickle his bare foot in a manner approved by the director. Billy says it was a tedious as well as a ticklish situation.



"Get your husbands now," is Ralph Kellard's advice to American girls. "After the war ends, there will be a great influx of women of foreign nations, who will rush over here and gobble up your American men."



What are we coming to? First Theda Bara comes out and says she learned vamping from the birds, and now here's Marie Wayne saying she learned it from a kitten. To be original, the next one will have to choose a flower!



The Shadow in Little Mary Sunshine's play, "Sunshine and Shadows," is Leon Perdue, black as a ton of coal and nearly all eyes. This little African boy is an excellent actor. He will appear in at least three of the Little Mary Sunshine plays.



"Gee, but you're a lucky guy!" said a man who was repairing roads in Long Beach, Cal., to Will E. Ritchey, the writer who was never known to take a rest. "All you have to do is push a pencil. Look at me—I gotta work!" What "we writers" have to stand for!

Will M. Ritchey, chief of the scenario department at Balboa studio, says that he has found only one good script out of thousands submitted during a period of eight months. Which goes to prove that scenario writing is an art. Stokers and spade hands can't do it. And sometimes scenario writers fail.



Cleo Ridgely has turned farmer. She has over a hundred hens and is now selling eggs to her associates at the Lasky studio at something over the prevailing market price. Cleo's customers say that some day she will be known as the Egg Queen—she is showing symptoms of the same qualities that have made John D., Andy and J. P. so successful.



Dennis J. Sullivan, the new assistant manager of the Mutual Film Company, at Chicago, is a very nice person. He has had charge of their specials—serials like "The Girl and the Game," "The Secret of the Submarine," and "A Lass of the Lumberlands." He is a peach of an Irishman and one of the most efficient men in the business. It must be so, for Betty Shannon says so, and Betty, she knows. Betty is also a very nice person, and any time she sends us an item, it's going to be printed, be it ever so.



The Castle is a paper published on Governor's Island, by some very well-intentioned boys who had some slight difference of opinion with Uncle Sam. While they are waiting, they print a paper and some bits of real literature. They are such good picture fans that we reproduce the following:

One of the recent arrivals in the Castle was once upon a time a sergeant. And a darn good sergeant, too, as the following little story will show. Modest as he is, he implored us not to tell anyone about it. "Ye see," he told us, "these here fellers might think that I'm bragging about it. And I ain't—not at all. Well, my captain, he thought a whole lot of me. One day we were out a-drilling, and everything went wrong. The captain grew mad and madder, and at last shouted, excited like, 'I'll have to give it up! You need some fool to drill you! Sergeant, take over the company!' And so I drilled the company. You see, he had confidence in me, or he wouldn't have done it."

"Purely Nutritious and Simply Delicious"

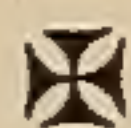


Are the most carefully made of all confections. At certain times they will appeal to you more than *heavy* chocolates. At the show—nothing to soil the most delicate gown or hand covering.

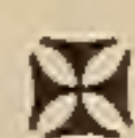
Repetti

520 West 36th Street
30 West 34th Street
50 Broadway
New York City

Never say die! Herbert Standing is seventy years old and still going strong!



Colin Chase spent the whole of one lovely afternoon cleaning his auto recently. "Why don't you do that in the evening?" a neighbor asked him. "Why," said Chase, looking up in amazement, "that's when I get it dirty!"



William Stowell has taken unto himself a flat—with a kitchen and everything. As soon as it is furnished, Bill will be at home to his bachelor friends. Anyone who sniggers at his cooking will not be invited twice. Bill says he is an artist when it comes to bacon and eggs and coffee.



Tom Chatterton has made a study of trees, grains, weeds and flowers. He has quite a collection in his garden and seems to be able to make anything grow there. When Tom's leading-man days are over, he is going to turn farmer. His big ranch is already paying its way.



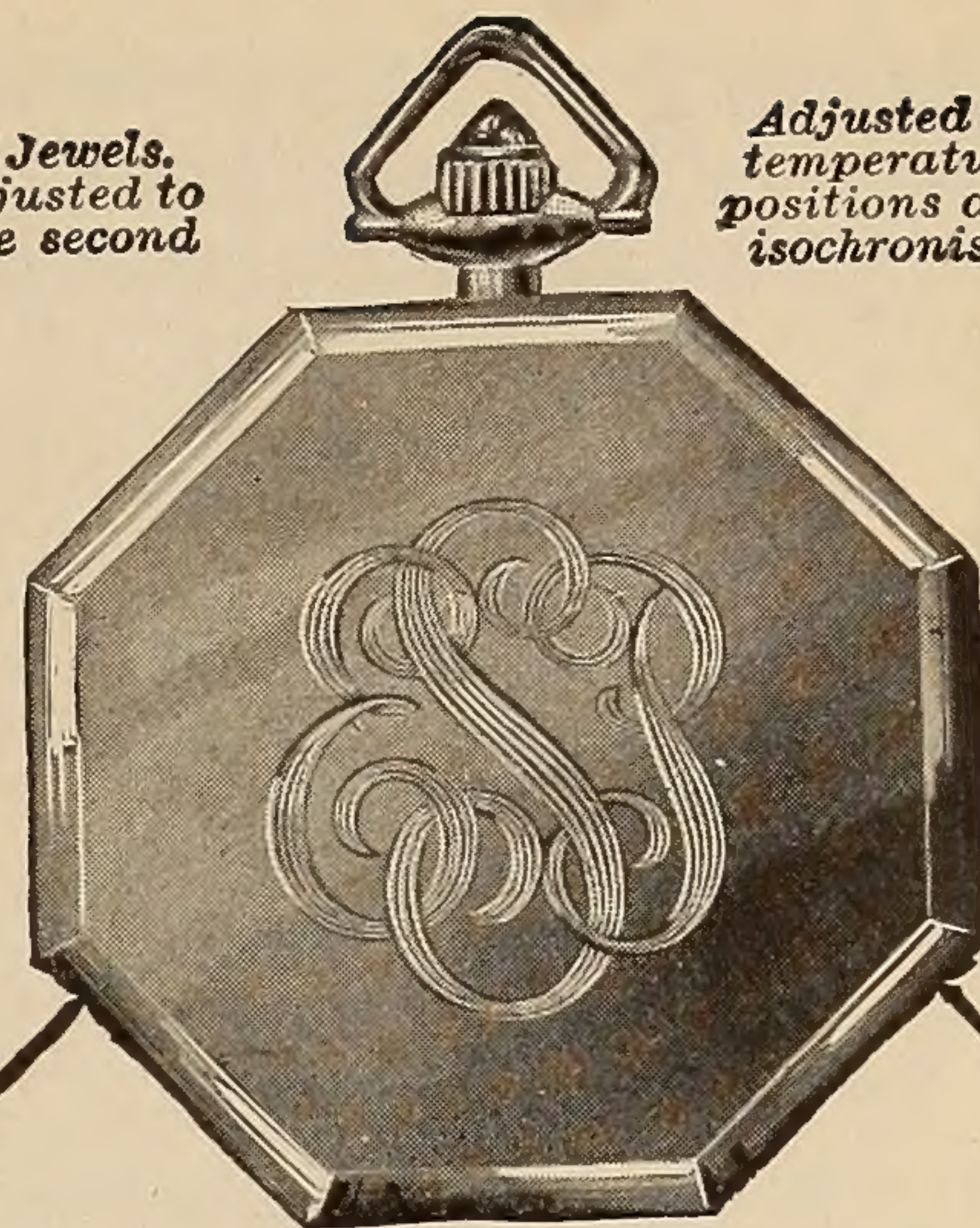
Grace Cunard is in receipt of a letter from an adoring kiddie, who informs her "deer Gracie" that she cuts out all the pictures of Miss Cunard from magazines and papers and is covering her nursery walls with them. "Nerse likes sem to," adds the child. Miss Cunard says she wouldn't throw that letter away for anything.



Florence La Badie has a little girl friend who believes her beloved star can do absolutely any feat. Florence went to a Halloween party, and her little friend was there. The host put a valuable ring at the bottom of a wash bowl filled with flour and announced that the one who picked it out with his teeth could have it. When it came Florence's turn, she drew in her breath and plunged in. Out she came, almost smothered, without the ring. Again and again she went after it, without success. She was almost angry and almost suffocated, but she did not want to be beaten. She made a final desperate attempt—and failed! "Aw, Florrie," said the little girl reproachfully, "you're not trying!" Florence collapsed.

21 Jewels.
Adjusted to
the second

Adjusted to
temperature
positions and
isochronism.



The Burlington SMASHES All Watch Competition LOOK!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to positions—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only \$ **2.50**
And all of this for \$2.50—
only \$2.50 a month for the masterpiece of
watch manufacture—direct to you—pos-
itively the exact price that the wholesale
dealer would have to pay. Think of the
high-grade, guaranteed watch we offer
here at such a remarkable price. And, if you
wish, you may pay this price at the rate of
\$2.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exorbitant
watch prices have passed. Write today—now.

The Newest Cases

In our new watch book, that we will send to you free and prepaid, you will see illustrated the newest ideas in watch cases. The latest triumphs of the master goldsmiths. Notice especially the Inlay Enamel Monograms, Block and Ribbon Monograms, Lodge Emblems and Diamond Set Cases. All offered direct to you on this startling offer. Send the coupon today.

See It First!

You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington watch without seeing it. Hold it in your hand and admire it. Notice the design, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works! There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill. A perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

Free Watch Book

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for book and our offer.

**Burlington
Watch Co.**
19th St. and
Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1591
Chicago

Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1591 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name _____

Address _____

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for 57,532 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you a treatment **Free**, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields, or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you a treatment absolutely **FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3550 W. 26th St., Chicago.



DON'T YOU LIKE

My Eyelashes
and Eyebrows?

You can have the same



A Hair Food

applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at Druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and two cents postage, or Canadian money order.

Beware of Imitations!

LASHNEEN COMPANY (Dept. 25) Philadelphia

THE "LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE FAILURE"

Ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat" or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration. If you believe that it is more important to know why ten thousand fail than why one man succeeds, read this book. The Letters are written in epigrammatic style with a touch of irresistible humor, and they impart a system of quaint philosophy that will appeal to everyone regardless of age, sex or station.

Price \$1.00

LESLIE-JUDGE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York City

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

"X-RAY" CURIO

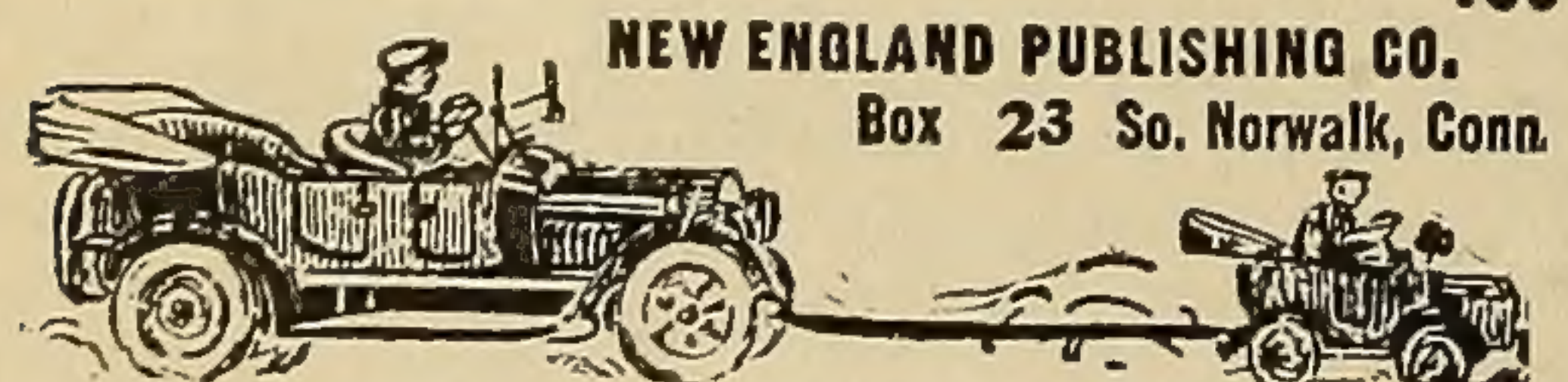
PRICE

10c.
BOYS

SILVER ONLY—BIG FUN
You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh.
MARVEL MFG. CO. Dept. 45, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

New Ford Joke Book 1917

All the latest jokes on the Ford Auto. Hundreds of them and all good ones. Spring a new one on your neighbors. Large book with colored cover by mail, 10c



NEW ENGLAND PUBLISHING CO.

Box 23 So. Norwalk, Conn.

Be an Artist

By Mail or Local Classes. Small sums you now fritter away pay your tuition. Write for terms, list of successful pupils and instruction method **FREE**.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS 2208 Flatiron Building, New York

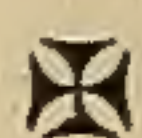


200 KINDS Iron, Wood
Wire & Steel
PUZZLES

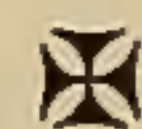
2 wire leaders and trick
card, 10 cents.

WESTERN PUZZLE WORKS
Dept. K. ST. PAUL, MINN.

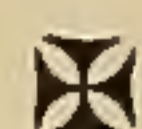
Puzzle: Find an Ince production in which Howard Hickman does not appear in the cast. Howard works all the time and thrives on it.



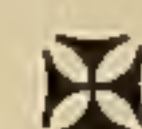
Pauline Frederick killed Willard Mack the other morning, and did it so artistically that he showed his appreciation by asking his murderess to luncheon. Mack had spent a great deal of time planning that murder scene in "Nanette of the Wilds," of which he is the author and in which he is also appearing. There is nothing like enjoying one's own death while one is about it.



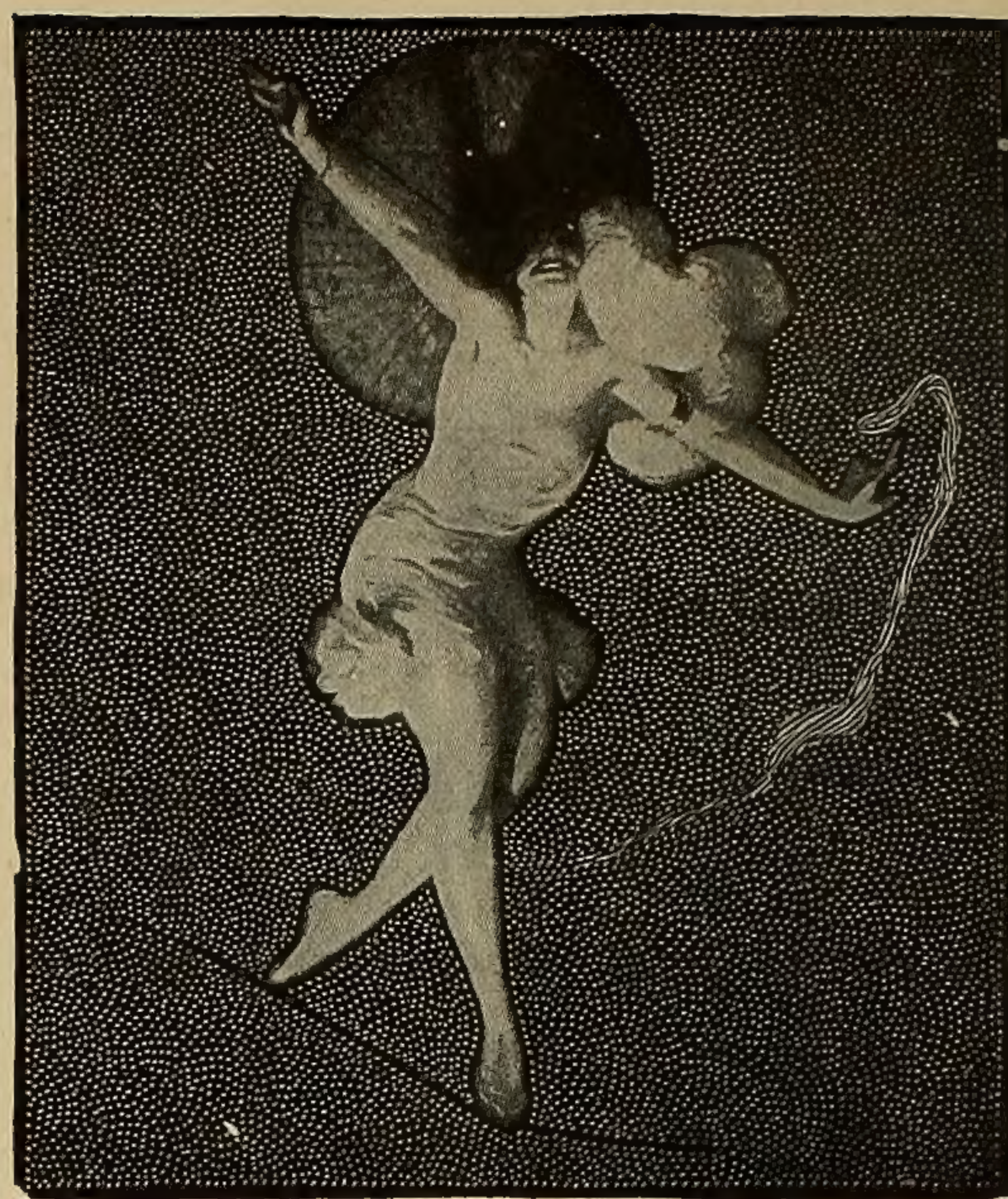
George B. Seitz, who writes such thrilling serial scenarios, was asked how, in the midst of plot and counterplot, he never made the mistake of bringing a player who had been "killed" back into the picture again. "Easy," said Seitz, pointing to a string from which dangled a long line of paper dolls, each one labeled with a name. "When a character dies or is killed, I just remove from the string the doll representing him!"



William Stowell, when he played in "The Overcoat," was supposed to feel the pinch of poverty and the want of an overcoat. Soon afterward he received a letter from a little tailor in the middle West, who evidently thought he saw a way of combining business with pleasure. In his letter Mr. Levy said that he had seen the picture and liked it. Incidentally he mentioned that he had a fine line of overcoats and would sell Stowell one at cost, if the latter would acknowledge it in a letter he could put in his window.



Director Edward Jose is having a hard time thrilling Theodore Friebus, the "heavy" in "Pearl of the Army." Friebus was literally raised on blood and thunder. Early in his career he created the lead in "Queen of the White Slaves." During a season of fourteen months around New York, he dislocated a knee, seriously injured one eye, slashed an ear, mashed his foot, cut his scalp open, wrenched his back, knocked out two teeth and artistically bruised his body black and blue. He defies Edward Jose and George B. Seitz to do worse.



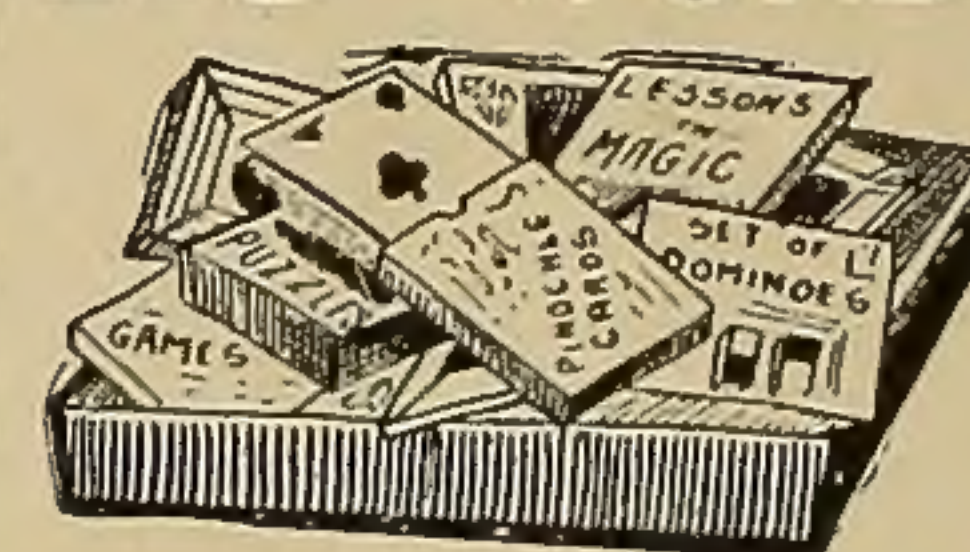
"STEADY WORK"

By Enoch Bolles

This clever picture, in full colors, 11x14, mounted on a heavy mat, ready for the frame, sent prepaid for twenty-five cents.

Judge Art Print Department
225 Fifth Avenue New York City

BIG WONDER PACKAGE



1 Great North Pole Game (size 18x11), 1 Big Roll Stage Money, 1 Game Authors (48 Cards), 1 Cribbage Board, 1 Checker Board and Men, 1 Pack Pinochle cards (48 cards), 38 other Games, 19

Lessons in Magic, 1 Set of Dominoes, 27 Authorgraph Verses, 12 Money Making Secrets, Wireless Telegraph Code, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 2 Puzzles, 100 Conundrums, 85 definitions of Flowers. All the above for 10c. with large catalogue.
ROYAL GAME CO., Box 3 So. Norwalk, Conn

Big KNOCKOUT Package



Contains One Dancing Scotchman 8 in high. will dance or walk. One new coin trick. One Pack of Hot Air cards, will win your Girl for you. One Roll of Stage Money. One Cribbage Board. One Illustrated Booklet on How to Pitch. One Book on How to Throw your Voice. One checker board. 3 New Puzzles and 32 page book of tricks. All for 10c.
ARDEE Co. Box E Stamford Conn

WRITE FOR MONEY

Our **FREE CATALOG** contains best books on the Writing and Selling of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems. Also other money-making books. Atlas Pub. Co., 943, Cincinnati.

WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders.
BIGLER COMPANY, X 430, Springfield, Illinois

Once the Plague-Spot of the World—Where a Revolution Was Born Every Minute—A Moral Fester, the Mecca of the Parasites of Society Who Live on Vice

How Uncle Sam Spent \$375,000,000

in making the Panama Canal an accomplished fact is one of the biggest human interest stories ever told—a story that will never grow old or stale so long as there are red-blooded men to admire and emulate this matchless achievement of Yankee brain and brawn. This volume not only tells, in all its interesting details, about the construction of the Canal itself, the Herculean obstacles overcome, but also about the marvelous changes wrought in the moral and sanitary conditions of Panama. The Panama Canal,

Man's Greatest Adventure,

had its appropriate setting in a land of romance where for generations "Gentlemen Adventurers," Pirates and Buccaneers disputed with Spain for the possession of the spoil of the new world—where richly laden galleons discharged their cargoes of gold and silver, stripped from the temples of the Incas, for shipment to the Old World—a land that had echoed to the roar of "long toms," that had trembled beneath the tread of mailed warriors—that had already written many a bloody chapter in the pages of History long before the first English settlements in North America.

A Land Rich in Romance

No spot in the Western Hemisphere is so rich in history and romance as that narrow strip of land now pierced by the Panama Canal, linking together the two great Oceans, and realizing the dream of Columbus and the early Sea Rovers of a Western passage to the fabled riches of Cathay. Read the stories told in

Panama: The Greatest Engineering Feat in the World

of the early history of the Isthmus—of how Columbus visited it; of Balboa who, "*Silent, upon a peak in Darien,*" first saw the Pacific Ocean; of the founding of Old Panama in 1519; and how for nearly two centuries it was the center of the richest trade in the world; of gallant Sir Francis Drake and bloodthirsty Sir Henry Morgan and the rakehellily freebooters who sailed under the "Jolly Roger," whose names were the terror of the surrounding seas.

It Will Pay You

to get acquainted with this land whose history stretches back through the mists of the centuries, that is now **YOUR LAND, THE CANAL ZONE**, where the government of the United States has constructed the crowning achievement of man's greatest undertaking, his most colossal and daring adventure in the conquest and control of Nature's forces, The Panama Canal,

The Eighth Wonder of the World

Did you know that an Isthmian Canal was proposed and surveys actually made as long ago as 1543?

Do you know the interesting story of the Panama Railroad, once the best-paying railroad in the world; and of the thousands of gold-seekers, the "forty-niners," who rushed across the Isthmus to the newly discovered fields in California? Do you know the tragic story of the French who sunk \$260,000,000 in attempting to build the canal; and of the sad end of the career of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps under whom the work first took definite form? Do you recall what happened when the Colombian Government thought "Teddy" was merely bluffing? This is all told in this beautiful volume.

\$1.00

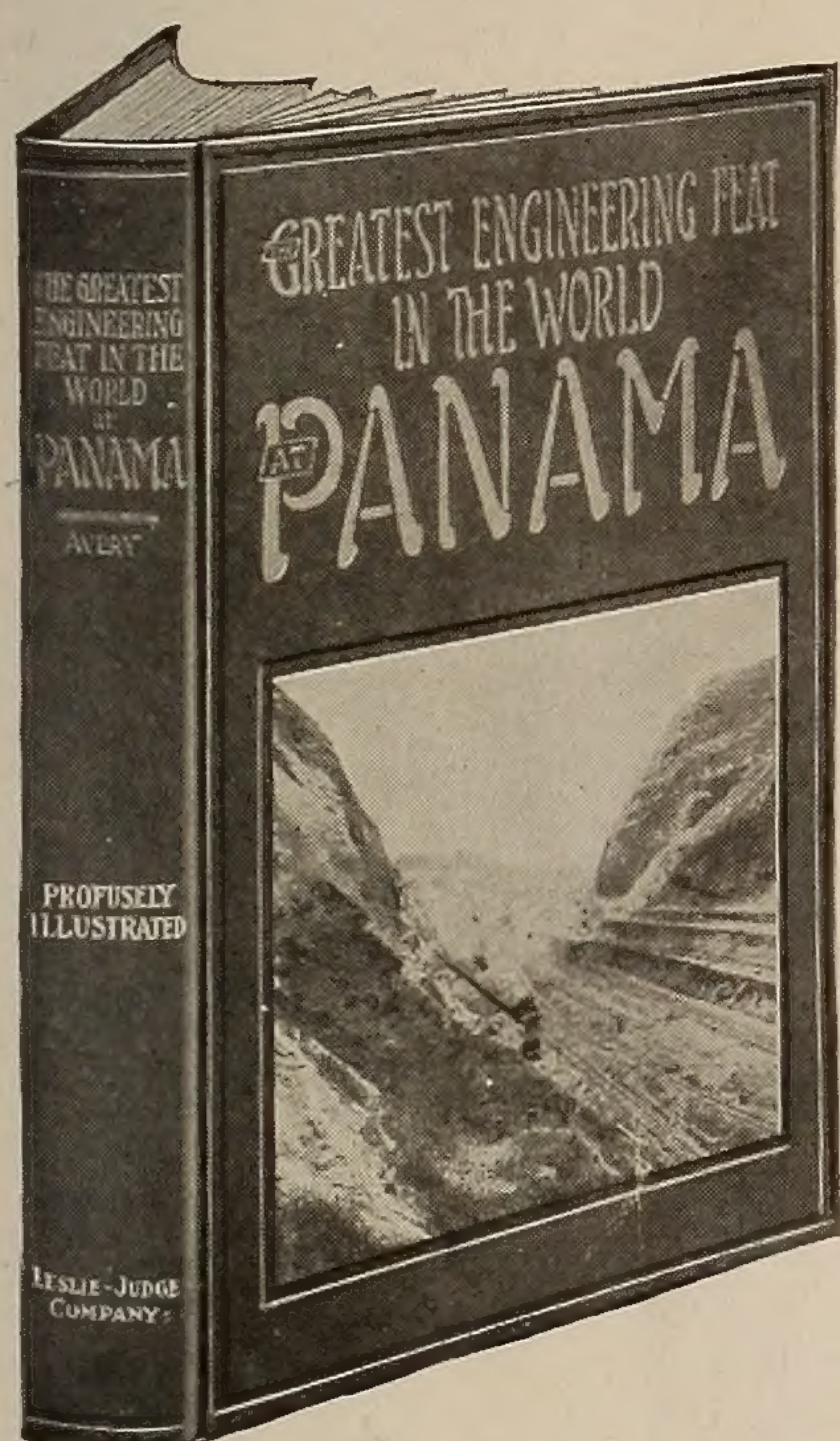
Sent now brings the book to your door charges prepaid. Then in 30 days send a final payment of \$1.50. But order now. The demand will be enormous—and the supply is limited. Money back if not satisfied.

Rich Cloth Binding; Illuminated Cover; Illustrations in Four Colors; Hundreds of Views; Map of Canal Zone; Pronouncing Gazetteer. Size of Volume 11 x 8 inches; Beautiful Print and Paper.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY

1116 Brunswick Bldg.

New York City





Because

I want ambitious men to become high salaried Draftsmen through my practical working training—

I Will Give You This Set of Drawing Instruments

Yes, I will give you this complete draftsman's outfit absolutely free. It does not cost you a penny. Besides these imported instruments shown here, *I also give you absolutely free* a 20x25 inch drawing board, a 24-in. T-square, a draftsman's triangle rule, supply of drawing paper, two triangles and French curve, pencils and erasers, drawing thumb tacks, etc., in fact a complete and first-class regular Draftsman's Working Outfit as soon as you enroll. This is just the same kind of an outfit I use myself. You could not get it for less than \$15.00. But now, on this special offer, I will give it to you absolutely free.

And Train You for a \$200.00 Position

SPECIAL!

For a limited time I am making a special price offer in order to complete a new class ready to start. Send for free book at once, today.

I am Chief Draftsman of a large and well-known company. There is a constant demand for trained draftsmen all over the country and *I will give you just the kind of training that will qualify you to hold one of these big paying positions.* \$150 to \$200 a month straight salary is ordinary pay for a good draftsman. *Start earning money as soon as you are my personal student.* I know the kind

of training that you must have in order to get the highest salary — and that is just exactly the kind of training that I will give to you. During the last twenty years I have trained some of the highest paid men. You can do as well — or better than they. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

Send Me the Coupon for FREE New Book

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or postcard now and send to me at once for my new book "Successful Draftsmanship." Find out about the golden opportunities that await you in our profession. Find out how you can get just exactly the kind of training that you need to hold a position paying from \$125 to \$200 a month. Absolutely no obligations in getting the book. Just put your name and address on the coupon. But send it now — immediately while I am making this special offer.

Chief Draftsman Dobe Engineer's Equipment Co., Inc.
Div. 1591 — Chicago, Illinois

Chief Draftsman Dobe

Engineer's Equipment Co.
Div. 1591 — Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligation to me whatsoever, please mail your book, "Successful Draftsmanship," and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. It is understood that I am obligated in no way whatever.

Name.....

Address.....